"THE EARL'S LOVE," A THRILLING CANADIAN STORY BEGINS NEXT WEEK

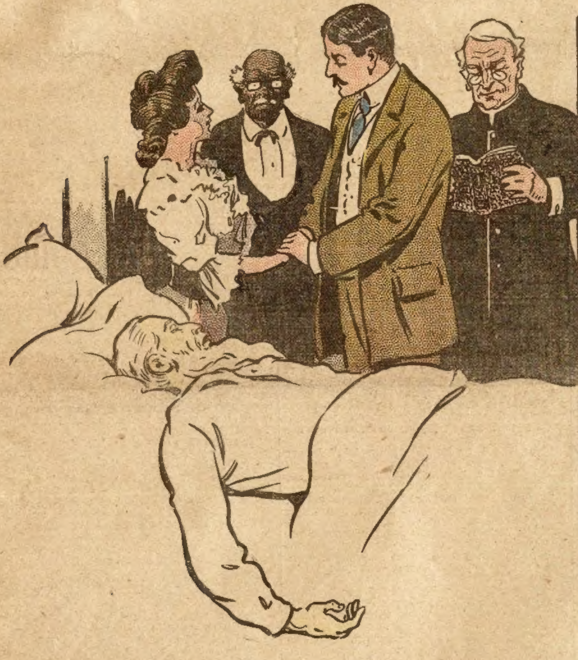
THE CHICAGO LEDGER

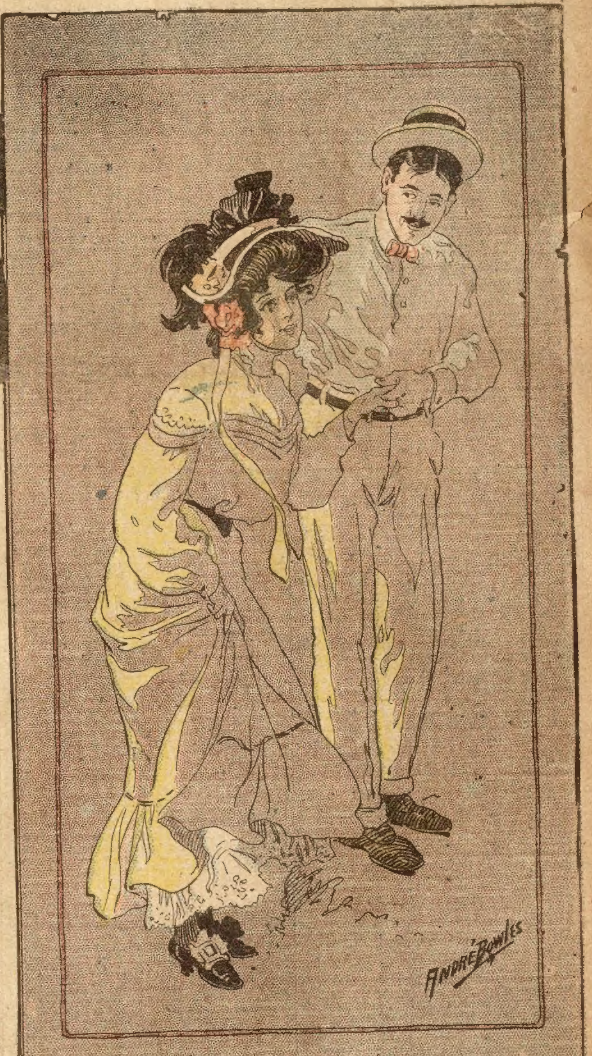
VOL. XXXV. NO. 27. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1907. SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

THE SECRET MARRIAGE;

Or, THE FATE OF A BIGAMIST.

By CONSTANCE BEATRICE WILLARD, author of "Magnolia Blossoms," "Red Roses and Red Love," "A Traitor to Love," etc.





[Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.]

CHAPTER I.

WHICH WAY DOES HONOR LIE?

"But I love you so madly, my Helen, I cannot think of giving you up."

"Perhaps she loves you just the same as you do me."

"Or you do me? Tell me, dearest, if you do love me."

"How can I, when you are engaged to some one else?"

Helen Croton drew her very tall figure to its full height, and flashed her dazzling eyes at him, beautiful as a poet's dream, a woman to win men's hearts and to make them bleed.

"But, darling, think. We cannot control our loves. It is a matter over which we have no control. My heart went out to you at a bound, the first time I saw you, and I resolved to win you," and Calhoun Fairley's every word was a caress. Calhoun Fairley, the young Southerner, who had received so warm a welcome from the Highland Spring coterie after his two sensational plunges, the first on the track with his Kentucky-bred horses, Sunlight, a magnificent bay, and Pluto, a horse without a white hair in his black coat; and then in Wall street, where in a day he rushed up some hitherto worthless stocks he had held in a Western mine and almost deserted railroad.

All he possessed in the world had been placed on those two horses, the stock and all, and now, ten weeks later, he is many times a millionaire. When he had left his home in the South to come North with his horses, he had tenderly drawn a golden head to his shoulder, whispering:

"Sweet, give me a kiss," and she, Pansy Arlington, had kissed him tenderly, her cousin and hero, and now he was pleading with magnificent Helen Croton for her love!

"Listen, is my love nothing to you? I care nothing for my wealth if I cannot have you. You speak of an engagement. There really is none. Pansy Arlington has been brought up with the rest of us, and is more like a sister."

"Did you ever ask her to marry you?" Helen asked, looking out over the shimmering river, and wondering about many things.

"Never," Calhoun replied promptly, although he knew that he had given her reason to think that he loved her by kissing her as he had.

"Have you written her?"

"No. Our family letters are open secrets, and I made the one to father do for all."

"She would never make any trouble?"

For an instant there was a flash of anger in his heart, for Helen, deeply as she loved him, had no realization of Pansy's sweetness, then he remembered just that, and holding out his hands, whispered:

"There is nothing for you to fear. Come, my darling, come, and let me know that you love me a little."

The girl, almost as tall as he, stood, as graceful as a flower on its stem, but perfectly motionless.

"Helen, darling," he pleaded.

Suddenly the dark lashes raised, he saw the glowing eyes open wider, filled with such a love as he had only dreamed of, and then she was in his arms, his lips crushed to hers, which returned his passionate kisses.

Wildly in love as he had been, there was something fascinating about her, this graceful, lovely woman, with her thousand graces, that Calhoun forgot little Southern Pansy, his honor, and begged with all the ardor of his clime for a very early marriage.

"How early?" she asked, again dropping her eyelashes.

"As soon as possible, darling. I feel I have waited a quarter of a century for you."

"Silly," she returned, again giving him a glance from those wonderful eyes, "why, you are no older than that."

"I know it, precious," kissing her red lips, "but that doesn't alter the case that I have waited that long, does it? Say when."

The girl sat perfectly quiet. There in that little arbor in the corner of the yard, with just enough moonlight for him to see her eyes and the beauty of her face, they were free from interruption. Calhoun felt he would have killed any one who intruded then. At last she drew very near to him, clasped her arms, soft, clinging and white, bared to the elbows, about his neck, and whispered:

"I will make it soon, for I am so lonely."

"Your aunt?"

"She is not my aunt. I am only her companion, a paid servant, whom she dresses and feeds, not much else," and the inflection was bitter.

Calhoun gave a start, and something like an oath slipped from between his teeth. He had wooed the wonderfully charming girl, but had paid but little attention to the disagreeable Mrs. Jane Foster, who had passed for her aunt.

"You a paid companion!" he cried. "Why, darling, we cannot be married too soon. Let me have the right to defend you this very night, and your life of drudgery is over."

Again she sat very quiet, her head on his shoulder, tears rolling down her cheeks and falling upon his hands.

"I can't stand this, Helen. You must

stop. I love you so, and to see you crying! Child, say something, tell me 'yes.' "

At this frantic appeal, Helen said hurriedly:

"But such a marriage would not be perfectly legal, would it?"

"Why not? We are in the State of New York. No license is required here. We are both of age. Come. Right down there in the village is a clergyman. In half an hour we will be husband and wife, if you will come with me," and he held out his hand.

Slowly she arose, and with quivering lips asked falteringly:

"Is it all right, Calhoun? I have no one to advise me, nothing to guide me but my love for you."

"As God is my witness, love, it is right, and I will prove to you what real love is by making your unhappy life just a dream, a glorious reality."

Without another word Helen Croton put her hand in his, and he drawing it through his arm led her away, down a rustic path to the house of the clergyman.

Her dress was white, and in the soft, summer breeze, floated about her. Never was a bride lovelier. Suddenly he stopped:

"We have no wedding ring!"

"This will do for the present," she replied, drawing a heavy gold ring from her hand. Except that she wore it on her right hand, he would have thought her married when he first met her. "I have had it a long time," she said simply, and he took it as quietly as she offered it, then drew a magnificent diamond from his little finger and tried it on her third hand.

"It's all right and will do for a keeper, until we get some other," he said in a satisfied tone, allowing it to remain there as he again drew her hand through his arm and led her up the rectory porch. Before he lifted the heavy bronze knocker, he put his hands on her shoulders and asked with deep feeling:

"Helen, I swear I will love you as long as I live, and you will never regret this step. Swear you love me, and that you are doing this of your own free will."

"I swear to both," she said solemnly, and then he sounded the knocker, and they entered the house, to come out fifteen minutes later, husband and wife, with the blessing of the church upon their heads, young and rich, blessed with health, and yet a pall hung over them heavy as though the service for the dead had just been read over them.

CHAPTER II.

LOVE'S SWEET, MAD DREAM.

All the dread of the future had left them, this bride and groom, as they stood in the same summer-house the following morning, his arm about her white-clad figure in a possessive way that showed the difference from the day before. Then she was but the woman he loved, now she was his wife, bound to him by the most sacred ties on earth.

"Did she miss you, darling?" he asked, between tender kisses.

"No. It is supposed I am not to go to her until she wakes in the morning, and I was there on time," and she blushed as she spoke.

The husband kissed her again before asking:

"When are we to announce our marriage to the world?"

Helen looked pensive. "That is just it, when?"

"Why, this morning," he almost shouted. This beautiful woman, his wife! Why did he care who knew or when?

"If it were not for the other girl," Helen said softly, "I would say yes, but as it is, I think that we had better say nothing for a little while."

"Helen!"

"I want to be alone with you, Calhoun, for a few days," she continued, clinging to him.

"Where?"

"Here, just as we are."

"But, my dear! Think. Some one might see or hear, and that woman who employs you?"

"I can manage. The very mystery of it makes it the more delightful, please."

Calhoun was naturally very straightforward, but under the charm of his wife he could say nothing to oppose her, and when he said gently:

"I can't say no to anything you want," he felt more than repaid by her clinging caresses, her loving kisses, and her pretty, caressing ways.

Indeed Calhoun Fairley had never known what love was until his marriage. Like a mighty wave it had swept him away from his natural moorings, and he was being borne out to sea, his senses steeped in passion, his mind in love.

"And you do love me, you really do?" was his frequent question, answered by words of endearment, and kisses so glowing, clinging and tender, that he wondered if he were alive.

"Am I on earth, or is this a Mohammedan heaven and you one of the infinitely bewildering houris?" he asked more than once, and she would reply, burying her face on his shoulder:

"Your wife and your love, dearest, who loves you more than everything on earth."

At the end of a week, he found himself as much in love as before, and so occupied with his young wife that he did not notice the coolness with which he was received by the other guests, but he did see that the little summer bower in which they had made love so often, had been torn down.

The owner of the hotel, and his most valued guest, a lady of some fifty years, who came every year, and naturally regulated affairs, were taking serious council together, when Helen Fairley swept past, her white hands full of mail. Perfect peace was on her beautiful face, and it was difficult to connect evil with her, and yet the two sitting there, who had the reputation of the house at stake, shook their heads.

At the same time Calhoun Fairley, from below, with letters in his hands, could be seen looking after her, and his face betrayed them both.

"It must be done," the landlord said decidedly.

"I am so glad you see it as I have," returned his guest.

Calhoun sank into a chair, and opening the first letter read it through, then sprang to his feet:

"Make out my bill, please," he said excitedly. "I must leave immediately, my father is dying," then started to run upstairs.

"Thank the Lord for that blessing!" the landlord whispered to himself, for an instant later and he would have performed his unpleasant task of informing him that his room was needed for some one else.

"I'll wait a little about the others," he mused, for he hated to be at all unpleasant to any one.

For the first time since their marriage, Calhoun went to his wife's room, and rapped lightly on the door. Helen opening it, looked worried.

"Quick, come inside," she said in a low tone.

"No, come to my room, for I must pack while I'm talking," and he was gone.

Without waiting she followed, and as his room was off a side hall, she had no difficulty in reaching him unseen, and found him throwing things about in a manner that did not add to their looks, or his chance of getting away in any kind of time.

A pleasant smile parted Helen's lips as she pushed him gently into a chair, and began to gather up his belongings, saying in her low tone:

"Now tell me. You spoke about packing. They have discovered our secret, have they?"

"What makes you think so?" he asked, looking at her with adoration in his eyes.

"Several of the women have failed to see me, and Miss Bly asked me why I was seen talking to you so much of the time. Rather intimated that there was no hope of catching you, I might as well give you up. That I would do nothing but ruin my reputation," and her arms were about his neck, her kisses on his lips.

"I was sure harm would come of this," he said sadly.

"There was no need of it, no, but we have enjoyed it," holding back her head and looking into his eyes.

"Enjoyed it! You make me weak when I think of all you are to me," he said hoarsely, "and yet I am afraid I will have to leave you for a few days," and then he told her of his father's sickness. "They ought to have telegraphed," he muttered, still wondering how he was to live without her, and yet knowing he must not spring her upon his family in their sorrow.

"Yes," Helen said soberly, "you must leave me for a little. By that time I'll arrange with Miss Bly, and then you can rejoin me, or anything you want."

She was sweet about it, he felt that few could be nicer, and he told her so a dozen times, until she had his belongings in order, and then was folded to his heart for a good-by. Tears were in her dark eyes but she controlled herself beautifully, and kept from crying as she slipped away from him back to her own room. Securely held in her hand were several papers, her certificate of marriage, a statement signed by her husband, relating the details of her romantic marriage, and a check for a large sum of money.

As she disappeared into her room, Calhoun went down the stairs, and a servant up for the baggage. In ten minutes more he was on board the train which was to separate him from his wife, and as he looked at the lovely scenery, a heaviness of heart fell over him:

"My precious one, my sweet darling," he kept whispering to himself.

At last he remembered he had not read the details of the letter summoning him home, and also of the others. They were not to be found. Evidently they were packed with the rest of his belongings, and this brought his mind back once more to the woman who bore his name, who was his wife, the light of his existence.

CHAPTER III.

FRAGRANCE OF AN OLD ROMANCE.

When Calhoun Fairley reached the little station nearest his own home it seemed as though, instead of having made two fortunes and having won a beautiful bride, he had never left it. The ever encroaching pine and cypress trees still did their best to hide the station, entirely guiltless of paint; on the shaky platform were half a score of scrambling little creatures, who, though human, resembled a tribe of half-trained monkeys, and the same soft, half-moaning sound of the wind in the pines came to his ears, and as his lungs breathed in the air of his own Southland, he wondered that he had ever had the courage to leave it, forgetting entirely his mad longing for the outside world, and his determination to conquer it. He had, and was, oh, so rich, with his money and wife; no, the wife first.

These thoughts rushed through his mind almost instantly, for scarcely had his foot touched the platform when a pair of arms were thrown about his neck, two rosy lips kissed him, and he felt himself instinctively clasp Pansy, his second cousin, and one who was supposed to be his future wife.

"Helen was right, not to come down here at such a time, but what am I to do with poor little Pansy, and how can I break it at such a time?" he thought, even as he returned her kiss, as he always had, asking, however:

"How's father?"

The soft blue eyes filled with tears, and Pansy sobbed:

"Mighty low, Cal, mighty low."

Selfish as it might be, Calhoun felt himself thinking:

"And that puts my announcement of my marriage a little further off, I can't stand it."

Being so deeply in love, he had not been quite honest with Helen with relation to Pansy. While he had never thought much about the matter, his father had always been resolved upon the question. It was one of those peculiar ideas that are so common in the South. In order to save his property from the hammer, owing to losses during the war, Major Fairley had married a charming girl with money, only to find out afterwards that he loved a girl with whom he had grown up. With the innate chivalry that was his, the major made no attempt to find out what had been, or was, her state of feeling, but buried his love in his heart, and when his chosen one married he was one of the merriest at her wedding.

The woman he married and the woman he loved were warm friends, and very happy women, and proud of their children. When Pansy was about four and Calhoun eleven or twelve, the mother of the former died, leaving her little girl to Mrs. Fairley. Her husband, who was a first cousin of the major, married again, and went abroad with his second wife, and Pansy grew to regard the major as her father as well as Calhoun's and both received a good deal of his attention, for he lost his wife before the boy was fifteen. During his wife's life he had paid her every attention, nobly striving to conceal the fact that another had his love, and succeeded so well that she never knew a moment of unhappiness. When she was buried his heart grew still more tender for Pansy, and then it was that he told his son that he wanted him to marry the dainty little thing.

At the time Calhoun was a careless boy, and thinking really more of his school and horses than of girls, gave hearty consent, and never gave it much consideration until he met his own sweetheart, then his wild passion swept him off his feet, and he found himself placed in the unpleasant situation of being married to one woman, engaged to another, and his father's wishes and dearest desire on the point of being utterly thwarted, although as yet the father was mercifully unconscious of the fact.

"Yes, the dear, he is mighty sick," Pansy continued, as she sat by Calhoun's side in the same old landau that had borne his father to church to meet his bride.

"What's the matter?" Calhoun asked, while he wondered what Helen was doing and if she missed him.

"He's been running down for some time, but none of us seemed to see it. I wrote you in my last letter that he wasn't well, and I hoped you'd come, but you knew best."

"I have been so occupied I really have not given my letters proper attention," he said, ashamed to confess that her letters had ceased to interest him.

Pansy looked at him earnestly, then she said almost reproachfully:

"You're different somehow, Cal."

"How different?" he said, coloring. Full well did he know why he felt so stupid, so indifferent to her talk, for it was Helen. Lips that had kissed Helen's, that had framed his mad love phrases, lent themselves poorly toward ordinary talk.

"You don't seem to care," she said gravely, laying a plump little hand on his and speaking earnestly. "It's mighty nice, Cal, that you've so much money, but if it is to change you this way I'd rather have you poor, and you really weren't that, for one can always live on the old plantation."

The young man felt an unjustified anger spring up and he looked at her almost pityingly:

"Oh, Pansy, Pansy! What do you know of living? You have never seen life, never. You must know something of the great outside world, where men and women are so different. Just to think, little girl, you have never been to a real ball, nor seen the inside of a real store. It will take you the rest of your life waking up," and he smiled. He felt he had solved the riddle. He and Helen would take little Pansy with them and what a fine time they would give her!

"I suppose the people you have been seeing have exquisite clothes," the girl said softly, "for yours are so different," and she stroked the sleeve of his perfectly fitting, lightweight coat, made by the best tailor in New York.

"You just bet they do, but none will be finer than yours when I take you to see the marvels of the world."

He was trying to break the matter gently, so was surprised to see the color flame into her face and a worried expression shadow her eyes, then she replied, a little sharply for her:

"We are cruel to talk of anything except the major when he's so sick. Do you know, he is sometimes out of his head, for this morning he called me Clorinda, that was mamma's name, and told me how he loved me. Then he asked, wiping away a few tears, if he died now while the roses are having their second bloom, if we'd pick white roses and fill the grave with them, so that the casket would be covered by them, and the dirt not touch it."

"Your mother was buried that way," Calhoun said softly; "they were her favorite flowers."

"Was auntie?" she asked, using the name she had applied to Mrs. Fairley.

"No, mother did not care for anything sentimental. She was buried in her family vault. Father could not bear the thought then, he has always been too much of an outdoor man."

Pansy twisted her little fingers, hesitated a moment, then asked gently:

"If I tell you something I think, will you promise not to be angry?"

"I couldn't be angry with you, Pansy, dear," he said. Angry with that little sixteen-year-old cousin, whose guardian he would become if his father died?

"Well, the idea has come to me during this illness of his. He has called me by mamma's name again and again. When he would be asleep and open his eyes, and I would kiss him, he would draw back and say in that dear, courtly way of his: 'No, no, my sweet, lovely girl, you must not, we dare not forget what we owe others. I cannot help loving you, but I am married, and Mrs. Fairley has my honor.' "

She hesitated again for a moment, then continued in her voice like a brook, so soft and purling was it:

"So I could not help but put things together, and I wonder if it could be—please do not get angry, Cal—if he loved my mother?"

"I have thought that more than once. Remember how he has cherished all the white roses. The others he cared nothing about, and when you were little you were a very delicate child, and I have seen him catch you up in his arms and whisper: 'My little white rose.' "

"I think I remember his doing that," Pansy whispered, deeply touched by this old time romance.

Calhoun felt such a wave of loneliness and longing for his wife that he hardly knew how to endure another minute without speaking of her, and so he said quickly:

"Pansy, I want to tell you something, you first of all," but before he could continue, a powerful negro came around a curve in the road, mounted on a horse, foaming with hard riding.

"It's Sam, oh, the major must be worse!" Pansy broke forth, while for the instant Calhoun forgot everything but the fact that onward there in the old home his father—and such a good, true father!—was dying, and it did not need the negro's message to send them toward the house as fast as the two beautifully matched bays could travel.

CHAPTER IV.

THE IMPOSSIBLE HAPPENS.

All outside faded when Calhoun grasped his father's hand and looked into the aristocratic face with the death seal upon it.

"Dad!" the young man cried, dropping to his knees, "may God forgive me for not coming sooner!"

The major's eyes opened, and the smile for which he was famous, the one inherited by his son, spread from the eyes down to the mouth, and he said in a very clear voice:

"Son!" Such an expression of contentment came over his face that Calhoun realized as never before how much he was to his father, and what he owed to this kindly, courteous gentleman. The next moment he remembered Helen, and that romantically mysterious marriage, and realized that he had deeply wronged not only his wife, but this good father, and sweet, little Pansy.

"Son, it is so good to have you home again," Major Fairley said tenderly, and he caressed the coat sleeve almost as Pansy had done.

"We love you a mighty lot here," he continued, "and did not want you to get weaned away from us by the wiles of the outside world. This is your home, son, where you and I, and your granddaddy before us, were born. In the private cemetery there all our kin folks are. Pansy's mother is there. Your mother, son, wouldn't be put there. She wanted to be in the gloomy vault, and so she's there, just as she wanted."

The words came at intervals, and the voice was very faint, but Calhoun heard every word and felt as though a hot iron was being drawn across his brain. In explanation of later events, he was sure that his grief over his father, his condemnation of the course which he had taken with regard to Helen, combined with extreme fatigue, which his long and unbroken journey had engendered, superinduced a certain kind of unconsciousness, and he moved like one in a dream.

As the old man sunk lower and lower,

$8.25 WILL BRING YOU THIS FINE HOPKINS & ALLEN

Military Bolt Action Repeating Rifle

22 Caliber
16 Shots

YOU WILL MAKE NO MISTAKE IN BUYING THIS RIFLE. It's the HOPKINS & ALLEN JUNIOR REPEATER—recognized everywhere as the handsomest, best handling, quickest and straightest shooting 22 caliber Repeating Rifle made in America at the price. Shoots 22 caliber short, long and long rifle cartridges without change of carrier. Shoots 16-22 caliber short and 12-22 caliber long and long rifle; *the ejector works like lightning. You can make bull's eyes as fast as you can work the trigger; the appearance of the Gun is something to take pride in.*

THE STOCK is of beautiful selected American Walnut, light, strong and graceful—polishes almost like Mahogany. BARREL is of fine high power rifle steel, rifled with our new patented increase twist which gives best range and trajectory. ACTION: is improved Military Bolt Pattern (*side ejection*) which is recognized *as the best action made* for a repeating rifle—action is also equipped with *Positive Safety Device*, removing danger of accidental discharge. GUN is 40½ in. long, barrel 22 inches—takes down in two parts and can be packed in a trunk. *Materials, Manufacture and Assembling are of Highest Grade Throughout—and the Rifle is Warranted to Give Greatest Satisfaction—a Remarkable Bargain at the Price.*

Call at your Dealer's or Write us Today. WE WILL SEND THIS RIFLE DIRECT TO YOU FOR $8.25—AND GUARANTEE SAFE DELIVERY AND SATISFACTION—IF YOU CANNOT FIND IT AT NEAREST STORE.

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN ANY KIND OF A FIREARM, WRITE FOR OUR BEAUTIFUL "GUN GUIDE AND CATALOG" FOR 1907. IT'S........... **FREE**

Gives more points on guns than any catalog published. Gives best prices and most complete line.

THE HOPKINS & ALLEN ARMS CO.,
Dept. 66, Norwich, Conn., U.S.A.
European Office—6 City Road, Finsbury Square, London.
Largest Manufacturers of High-Grade, Popular-Priced Firearms in the World.

Calhoun seemed to wrap his personality about his father, and through sheer will hold him to earth.

Suddenly the aged eyes opened and the lips moved:

"My white rose!" he whispered, and Pansy gilded to his side.

The physician administered a strong stimulant and he was propped higher on his pillows.

They were all oblivious of their own feelings. Though wornout with his journey, and longing for rest and food, Calhoun lost all sense of bodily discomfort, his whole energy being fastened upon keeping alive his dear father.

Outside the bed chamber could be heard the praying of the little, bent minister, who had been the major's comrade during the war, his spiritual adviser afterwards, and now was at hand to guide his footsteps into the new life.

Under the influence of the stimulant the major asked steadily:

"Is there any hope this time, Doc?"

More than once these three friends, the major, the minister and the doctor, had come together to the edge, and made a good retreat, but this was the last, and the physician told him so with a gentle shake of the head.

"Call the colonel in," whispered the major, and the old minister, who had won his rank upon the bloody field of Gettysburg, came in, and dropping upon his knees near Pansy, first clasped the hand of his friend, his voice failing him for the moment.

Seeing how very low he was, the physician administered another stimulant, and raised him a little higher on the pillows. Both Pansy and Calhoun felt he was passing away, and in their grief realized absolutely nothing else. It seemed impossible afterward, but their minds were so riveted on him then that it appeared for the moment that they were passing away with him. Afterwards they often asked if it was their wills striving to hold him, or his clinging to them?

"My white rose!" the old man said quite vigorously, but Pansy did not notice it, nor did Calhoun remember it.

"I love you both," the old man cried, grasping both their hands and holding them together, with a force that seemed almost impossible, then said hastily:

"Quick, begin!"

"Cut it as short as you can, colonel," whispered the physician.

"I will, captain," returned the minister, using the title of the physician.

Then came one of the strangest, most wonderful ceremonies ever performed. Propped high on his pillows was the dying man, his wealth of white hair and long beard giving him the appearance of some high priest, his already stiffening hands clasping those of the young people before him. They, in their youth and good looks, furnishing a marvelous contrast to the major's comrades, who, nearly his age, were to be left behind. On his knees, the minister began praying, but his thin, low voice came as but a whisper to Pansy and Calhoun. As his prayers were usually constructed upon the Socratic order, asking himself, his congregation and his Maker questions, and then supplying answers, neither of the most important parties in this strange ceremony paid the slightest attention to them, their eyes being fixed upon the face of the old man.

There was a change, the old man struggled, tried to reach Pansy, then the words, "My white rose," fell from his lips, just as Pansy, wrenching away her hand, threw her arms about his neck, sobbing:

"Major, major, darling, here's Pansy!" then in a frightened voice: "Help, help, he's dead!"

With these words of hers, the clergyman arose, and lifting up his hands, said earnestly, solemnly:

"And I pronounce you man and wife!"

Next week's Ledger will contain another installment of this highly interesting story. We advise you to read it to the end. Do you take the Ledger regularly? You ought to do so, as it is acknowledged to be one of the most entertaining papers printed in America. For a year's subscription we send fifty-two copies of the Ledger and six fine patterns free or one of our King Cameras. Note our premium advertisements on pages thirteen and fifteen.

GETTING READY

Feeding Ahead of Hot Weather.

"Not quite so much meat in springtime; use the cereals, as they heat the blood less." Seasonable advice from an old practitioner.

If one uses some care as to food, the hot weather will be passed as comfortably as any season. In fact, a person possessed of a perfectly balanced set of nerves can be happy and comfortable under most any conditions.

The truest food for building up the nervous system to a perfect condition is Grape-Nuts. The makers are skilled in their art, and knowing that nature fills the brain and nerve centers with a soft gray matter which is used up more or less each day and must be replaced, (or nervous prostration sets in), and also knowing that this gray matter is made by the combination of albumen and phosphate of potash, they select the parts of the field grains that contain the needed materials, manufacture them into a delicious food, ready cooked, predigested, and of a fascinating flavor.

The use of Grape-Nuts quickly proves that it really does rebuild and strengthen the nervous system in a most certain manner. Sold by all first-class grocers and in daily use in hundreds of thousands of the best families all over the world. "There's a Reason." Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever Notice It?

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is fame?

Pa—Fame, my son, is the thing that makes everybody want to shake hands with a man.

THE DEATH-KEY MYSTERY;

OR, A GREAT DETECTIVE'S RUSE. BY J. BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS.

[Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 20, May 18. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XI.

As soon as Jansen Moore and Keeneyes had left Whiteoak Farm, their relationship was changed.

Moore no longer bore himself with the air of Keeneyes, and Keeneyes surrendered his part as Jansen Moore.

They walked rapidly toward town.

When Fenceville came in sight, Jansen Moore, still reflecting upon his recent tete-a-tete with Sopha Le Brune, sighed deeply and said, "Well, we have been here a night and almost two days without being any nearer the solution of the mystery than ever; and, speaking for myself, strictly for myself," he added bitterly, "without being any nearer the favor of Sopha Le Brune."

Also for yourself, strictly," remarked Keeneyes, "when you say we are no nearer the solution of the mystery, for, so far as I am concerned, that is the same to me—I speak of the mystery—as an old glove, turned wrong side out and worn upon my hand close to my very eyes."

"What have you discovered?"

"That you need not require, for you have discovered or been told all I know. But I have inferred, my dear fellow, I have inferred."

"What have you inferred?"

"Come, come," said Keeneyes pleasantly, "I may not tell you that until you are ready to impart your own conclusions, for this is a test of skill, you will remember."

"Or mere chance," murmured Moore.

"Just so," said Keeneyes. "Then you are not ready?"

"Look here, Mr. Zellers," cried Moore impatiently, "do you mean to tell me I have seen clews that point to the murderer of old Boliver Bering?"

"To be sure you have; unerring clews."

"Do you mean," Moore hesitated, "the vicious horse?"

Keeneyes laughed, but said nothing.

"You can't mean that iron key you keep harping on," said Moore, with some resentment, "for neither of us have seen it."

"We have seen that it is gone," returned Keeneyes.

Their hotel came in sight at the head of the street. "Mr. Zellers," said Moore, "the fact is I am so wretched I can't be interested in this case. I am in a desperate situation. I have misled Sopha's mother into thinking me you, and Sopha despises me for it."

"I left you alone with her," remarked Keeneyes, "in order to give you a chance to right yourself."

"Yes—er—thank you. But she won't be righted. At least, there is only one condition. She finally weakened enough to give me a task to do; like a hero of olden times, you know, sent out to kill——"

"My dear fellow," Keeneyes objected, "are you a hero?"

"That remains to be proved," said Moore grimly.

"And what is the test of the case?"

"I am to go to Sopha's guardian, J. J. James, and tell him of my deception and of everything I have done since coming here."

"Fortunately you have not done much," smiled Keeneyes; "your usual good luck, Moore. Well, will you do it?"

"Of course I will do it. After the way you have antagonized him to me, I dare say when I force an interview with him, he will try to eject me from his law office. But I'll do it. I have to do whatever Sopha wants me to do."

"Miss Sopha seems to possess a marvelous power over you," observed Keeneyes. "Let us go up to our room and discuss this phase of the case."

They reached the hall above, upon which their room opened. Keeneyes said with evident joy, "Hello! Somebody has been intruding into our room; somebody has evidently slipped in here in great haste."

Moore stared, then objected, "The door is closed just as we left it."

"But, my dear friend, observe the mat before the threshold."

"I see no tracks on it."

"Tracks? Nonsense! What put tracks into your head. Don't you observe that it is not exactly parallel to the crack at the bottom of the door?"

"Well?"

"It was when we left it," said Keeneyes. "Whenever I leave my room, I always note some detail that will enable me to determine whether or not the room has been entered in my absence. I tell you that that mat has been moved by some hurried foot."

"I imagine," Moore smiled, "that the housemaid moved the mat to sweep under it."

"And I imagine," Keeneyes smiled, "that you know as little—judging from that surmise,—of housemaids as you do of mysteries. Let us go in."

Keeneyes unlocked the door with the key he had obtained from the hotel clerk and they entered.

"At any rate," said Moore, contentiously, "the clerk had the room key, so how could any one have——"

"There's a note pinned on the pillow," said Keeneyes, triumphantly. "Now, will you still argue and contend? It bears a superscription."

Upon the folded paper was printed in large letters:

"TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

"Well," said Keeneyes, "it doesn't concern me, so I will go to work." He opened his valise and took out the manuscript of his autobiography. He opened his fountain pen.

"If you're not going to read it," said Moore——

"Of course not," Keeneyes interrupted, "I am not interested in it. It relates to you, without doubt."

Jansen Moore without further hesitation opened the letter and read:

"If that man Moore is found in or about Fenceville after the hour of 12, p. m., he will be found later very much the worse for wear."

Jansen Moore frowned at the message, and read it several times.

"The author of that," remarked Keeneyes, "has a vein of dry humor, I should judge."

"I should like to dampen it," muttered Moore fiercely. "Mr. Zellers, do you suppose J. J. James is at the bottom of this?"

"Since you ask my opinion,—yes; I believe J. J. James has determined to drive you from this case, because he does not want it investigated. Thanks to my clever notes in your name, he regards you as a dangerous man; he little knows you! Yes, I think he is behind that note; but it would perhaps be very difficult to prove it. I think he had you bound hand and foot last night in the barn loft. Now he threatens worse—a sound drubbing, I think I read between the lines."

"Yet that is the man," groaned Jansen Moore, "to whom I must go with a confession of my deception to his ward's mother."

"The same individual, my friend. You'd best think well of it."

"I think best or Sopha—best of all in the world. She has asked me to do this; I'll do it; let J. J. James 'wear' me as he may!"

CHAPTER XII.

As soon as Sopha Le Brune and her mother had had dinner—that is to say, about half-past twelve—the young lady called for the carriage.

Half an hour later, the coachman, who ordinarily went under the title of "Hand," drove her toward Fenceville.

At about a quarter of two, she knocked upon the semi-transparent door of J. J. James' law office.

"Come in," said J. J. James, and Sopha went in.

The young lady had always stood a little in awe of her guardian. She respected him greatly, to such a degree, in fact, that she had seldom ventured to treat him as an ordinary individual. In fact, J. J. James did not treat himself as an ordinary individual. He was grave and dignified even through the pathway of the merriest jest, and never seemed to have discovered that he was only a man.

On the present occasion, his demeanor was more than usually severe, because, although Sopha was now of age and therefore no longer his ward, still he felt upon his shoulders the weight of the mantle of authority just removed, because it had been there so long and he had worn it so heavily.

After preternaturally solemn greetings and placing of chairs, and the expected comment upon the need of rain, Sopha said timidly:

"Mr. James, of course you know that I—that we—my mother and I—that we have employed a detective to investigate the cause of Uncle Boliver's death."

"I have reason to know it," said J. J. James with awful solemnity.

"I have come to speak of that. You know I—you—we——"

"I remember quite distinctly," said J. J. James, "that you applied to me for money during your majority, for the investigation of the mystery, and that you were greatly displeased because I could not have your money squandered in trying to learn something that happened so long ago, when, at the time it happened, everything was done that could be done to clear up the perplexed state of affairs."

"Yes, sir," said Sopha timidly.

There was silence, then J. J. James said, "Well?"

"Well, Mr. James, we have employed a detective now—we can't be satisfied to do nothing about poor Uncle Boliver, and I—but I don't want you to be displeased with us about it. I don't want you to think we have acted against your judgment."

"But you have acted against my judgment!"

"But I hope you won't be angry about it."

"I shall not be angry at you, Miss Sopha," said her former guardian, pitying her frightened and fluttering aspect. "Don't you worry. Let your detective go ahead and do his wor—his best. He will not annoy me, I am pretty safe in predicting. Don't distress yourself, Miss Sopha. Your motives are generous. But the facts are these: your great-uncle was killed four years ago. Phil Deedum was imprisoned and tried for the crime and acquitted. The only thing that can be accomplished now by an investigation is to bring all that to public memory again, distress his wife, bring sorrow to his home——"

"But suppose he was guilty, after all—or his wife," cried Sopha, her eyes flashing. "That woman—Uncle Boliver's wife—she has no right to be happy, if she knew or knows anything about the murder of her first husband——"

"Wait, Miss Sopha," said the lawyer, flushing deeply. "Somebody is coming up the stairs. Step into this adjoining room, please, and wait; for really I would like to have you finish your extraordinary remarks."

Sopha Le Brune, still glowing with feeling, stepped to a partition-door, saying, "But I shall be able in this little place to hear everything that passes between you and your client."

"Judging from the lagging footsteps," said J. J. James, listening, "I think it is a man who will be here but a moment; if the business proves private, I will take him below. Make yourself at home in this little den."

Sopha seated herself at a table which occupied most of the little chamber. It was in reality the end of the lawyer's office, cut off by a thin wood partition which did not reach the ceiling. The light entered from over the partition.

"After all," said Sopha hastily, "I hadn't come to what I wanted to tell you. I have reason to think a—a young man is coming to see you sometime this afternoon to tell you—to tell you all——"

"Excuse me for closing the door," said J. J. James, hastily.

Sopha was shut up in the narrow space.

The door leading from the hall to the lawyer's office, now responded to a timid knock.

"Come in, Greene," called J. J. James, sinking into his office chair.

The door opened, and J. J. James started up from his chair and pushed it in front of him.

The newcomer was Jansen Moore.

"You mistake," said Jansen Moore timidly; "It isn't Greene."

"Oh, indeed?" said J. J. James, acidly.

CHAPTER XIII.

Jansen Moore stood looking at J. J. James, and the evident surprise and perplexity of the lawyer emboldened the young man.

"You were not looking for me," Moore observed, "but I take you no more by surprise than you do me—in the barn-loft for instance—and the note in my bedroom."

"What do you mean, sir?" asked J. J. James, fiercely, "and why do you persecute me with your insolent notes and messages, and why are you here now?"

"I am here, sir," said Moore, boldly, "to tell you that I have misrepresented myself to Mrs. Le Brune. She thinks I am Keeneyes, whereas I am simply Jansen Moore."

"Or simple Jansen Moore," sneered J. J. James. "Well why did you do so? or rather, why do you come to me about it? Go and tell Mrs. Le Brune."

"Miss Sopha has asked me to come here, and I have come."

"Why does she ask you to come to me? I am no longer her guardian," said J. J. James with careful distinctness, that the listening Sopha might hear.

"She asked me to come to you because she thought I wouldn't do it. But I would do anything she asks, and here I am. I am here to tell you that I deceived Mrs. Le Brune. I allowed her to believe that I am Keeneyes. She had just received a letter from Miss Sopha in which Miss Sopha—so the mother forewarned me—expressed her opinion of me. I was obliged to know what that opinion was, therefore I let Mrs. Le Brune remain under her delusion that I was Keeneyes; and so, I listened to the letter."

"This law office is no confessional and I am not a priest," said J. J. James, drily. "You will oblige me by unburdening your conscience at another shrine. I am busy. Good day, sir."

"I will not go till I have told you all. That is Miss Sopha's demand of me.

"I solemnly assured her I would tell you all that happened to me since coming to Fenceville. I need not tell you of the villainous plot to tie me up in the barn-loft, for I dare say you know more about that than I do; nor of the note pinned to my pillow warning me to leave town."

"If you have anything of importance to tell me, Mr. Moore," said J. J. James, brusquely, "you have very little time left to say it in."

"When your time runs out," said Moore, "I'll give you some of mine. To come to the most important thing, then, I find that I love Sopha Le Brune most sincerely, and it is my purpose, if such a thing be possible in the course of time, I care not how many years, to make her my wife."

"What impudence is this?" cried J. J. James, angrily. "How dare you, a stranger, an adventurer, a nameless wanderer——"

"The first time I ever saw her," cried Jansen Moore—"and I have seen her twice, Mr. James—the first time, I fell in love with her, but I wasn't sure it was the real love. I came to Fenceville. I was thrown with her again, for about half an hour. And I know I love her. This is the most important thing that has happened to me since coming here. I love Sopha Le Brune, and I shall do all in my power to win her for my wife."

J. J. James was purple with rage. "And she sent you here to tell me this, did she?"

"She sent me here to tell you——"

"Then you can go to her and tell her from me——"

"I say," cried Jansen Moore, "she sent me here to tell you——"

"And I say," shouted J. J. James, "that you can go to her and tell her from me—from me, do you hear—that——"

"Well," said Sopha Le Brune, quietly appearing at the partition door, "what do you

(Continued on page six.)

THE DAMNATION OF FATHER FITZGERALD.

BY HELENA BALLARD WHITE.

[Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 26, June 29. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER V.

A few days following this sad event, the priest found himself in the courtroom with attorneys and witnesses contending for his life.

The case having created so much interest and excitement, the friends of the prisoner with those of the dead girl, together with a throng of curious, filled the room to its utmost capacity. That a priest was on trial for murder was in itself sensational enough to keep a crowd on the outside constantly clamoring for admittance. Strange to say, the dead girl's relatives were conspicuous by their absence. Even her brother was not in the city at this time. It was reported that he lay dangerously ill in Mexico.

The spectators were all anxious to get a glimpse of the prisoner, also of the fair young girl whose sad, sweet and beautiful face had attracted so much attention of late.

Each morning the accused and his faithful affianced had entered the courtroom with renewed hope and courage, and each evening found them disappointed, heartsick and weary with the day's proceedings. Some unlooked for, startling and damning evidence was constantly brought forth against the prisoner, while the defense had little to offer. The circumstances connecting the accused with the crime seemed to weave itself tighter and tighter about him. He could only protest his innocence without being able to prove it. The fingers of fate would not yield up their secret.

At last the evidence was in the hands of the jury, and the prisoner, with Mercedes at his side, was led back to his cell to await the result.

These were hours of intense agony to the two that sat together in the cell listening for their doom to be announced. They had now little hope of an acquittal.

At last the bailiff came. They knew that they had his sympathy and now, as Mercedes looked questioningly into his face, she guessed that he, too, was without hope.

Fabian begged of her not to return with him to listen to the reading of the verdict, but she stubbornly refused to leave his side.

They found the courtroom thronged with spectators, also the corridor. Mercedes sank down beside her lover with her wild eyes fixed upon the jury.

"Gentlemen, have you decided upon a verdict?" asked the court.

"We have," responded the foreman, rising. "We find the defendant guilty of murder in the manner and form as charged in the indictment and fix his punishment at death."

A great commotion rose among the spectators, and bailiffs darted through the crowd commanding silence.

"Found guilty!" fell from Mercedes' ashen lips. Then turning to the jury she cried out, "You men would shame satan! You are so wrong—so wrong!"

Fabian endeavored to calm her, but as the judge requested him to stand that he might pronounce sentence, she cried out again as though in terror:

"Don't—don't do that, judge, your honor, you sentence an innocent man! God knows he is innocent, the angels know, I know, that he could not do this thing—and I think, judge, that you know. I can tell from your face that——"

The eyes of the judge were moist as he attempted to interrupt her, then as her appeal became more impassiond, he sank heavily back into his chair quite overcome.

"It can do no good, my child; have courage," whispered Fabian. "Your honor, please stay the sentence for a moment," he continued, as he saw the deathlike pallor overspreading the fair young face.

As she swooned, strong arms bore her tenderly from the courtroom amid sobbing, hysterical women and men with bowed heads.

As order was restored, the judged arose and at once pronounced sentence.

"The priest is to hang! the priest is to hang!" rang widly through the corridors of the prison a few moments later, and Mercedes, who had recovered and sat with the matron among sorrowing friends, heard the cry.

"I must nerve myself and go to him," she said, after the first moments of horror and grief had passed. "He needs me now if he ever did. This sentence must be revoked. I shall appeal to God and the Governor, and all humanity, to forbid this—this awful thing! I shall—but I must go to him." She rose and stumbled along to his cell, moaning: "I never dreamed that it could come to this—I never dreamed that it could come to this!"

As she reached the cell, the onlookers turned their heads away when she threw herself into her lover's arms. She, who had felt so sure of herself a moment before, broke down completely. Nothing but her violent sobbing was heard outside the cell for some moments.

At last the condemned man said:

"Don't take on like this, Mercedes—don't, my dear! You must not give up so."

In vain she endeavored to check her sobs. She had lost all control of herself. She only sobbed on convulsively as though her young heart must surely break. Finally Fabian put his lips to her ear and whispered something which caused her to start up, leave off crying and look questioningly into his face for some seconds. Then glancing shyly about, she murmured, "Come, let us go to the farther corner, I must know what you mean."

Here a scarcely audible conversation passed between them.

"Do not trouble your young heart so, my dear; I am not going to die," he said. "That is, I believe there is a way out of it."

"Are you only trying to comfort me, or do you mean this, Fabian?"

"I am positively sincere in what I say."

"You look to the Governor to——"

"I look to no man for help. Only to myself and God and my knowledge of the psychic law. The latter law is superior to that of man."

"I do not follow you."

"I cannot fully explain now, Mercedes, but listen. The case may be appealed, the Governor interfere, or something turn up. If all this fails, then I shall tell you my plans. I shall not hang, though; I shall not die, Mercedes. Let that thought comfort you for the present. There is a way out of facing such an end as that. Then, you know, I have a detective still working on the case. We have another month in which to bring the guilty one to justice."

"The guilty one to justice?"

"That is what I said."

"You think, then, that some one really killed her? That she did not do this herself?"

"I told you some weeks ago, Mercedes, that I had my own theory of the whole thing."

"I remember, and you said that you would state it. Why did you not let the court know what——"

"I did not think it worth while, so long as it still remains but a theory with little to back my suspicions. The idea was roused by the fact that the button was twisted from my coat, not dropped as is stated. But by saying anything on this point it might have hurt my case more than it could have helped it, for the reason that it would have interfered with my plans."

"I don't see how. But tell me, have you in mind some one who might have committed this terrible deed?"

"No terrible deed has been committed, Mercedes, that is, no murder."

"What! You astound me! Was it not horrible to tie a poor girl to her bed and burn her to death?"

"That never has been done."

"You talk in such riddles, Fabian! Are you sure you are well?" she questioned, anxiously searching his face. "Is your mind not upset a bit?"

He smiled indulgently. "It was never clearer. I repeat, Mercedes, no one has been killed. It is all the trick of a clever and desperate woman to avenge herself on a man whom she thinks has wronged her. I am as sure that Edith Burke lives as I am that I do. She is alive at this moment and no doubt rejoicing at the success of her hellish plot."

"Then how do you account for the, the—"

"The woman being burned? Well, the corpse when found was past all recognition, as she intended it should be. Edith Burke took a dead woman that she procured from some place, and having the body secretly borne to her chamber by an accomplice, perhaps her brother, bound it to the bed with ropes. I realize now from the threats which she made that night, that she must have had the whole thing arranged. She was ready to set fire to the house the moment I left it, while she herself, disguised, was prepared to fly from the scene."

"Whatever put this in your mind, Fabian? By what course of reasoning did you reach such a conclusion?"

"She played a very neat little trick," he answered, smiling sadly, "but went just a little too far in her cheerful desire to cause me suffering. She left one link of evidence that was intended for my positive conviction. That link shall prove my innocence instead, because it set me to thinking."

"What is it? Do tell me quick, Fabian! I am terribly agitated!" gasped the girl.

"I refer to the button dropped from my coat, as I mentioned before. Now, Mercedes, the fact that that button was sewed on as tight as the others and was twisted from my coat by deft fingers, instead of falling from it as was claimed by the prosecuting attorney, is the key to the whole thing. As soon as the detective brought my coat downstairs, my eyes were sharp enough to see that the button had been twisted off with some effort. That incident aroused my suspicions. I could clearly see the chain of evidence which she had left for my conviction. Even to the letter unfinished and thrown in the wastebasket. Of course she carried the button to the upper floor to show my presence there that night."

"My, but you are clever, Fabian," breathed his companion as a heavy sigh of relief escaped her. "Maybe you are right."

"Of course I am. Then the handkerchief. She embroidered a dozen for me several years ago. The dozen lie in my dresser drawer, as I stated at the trial, untouched. I never cared to use them. They were too painful a reminder of the woman. This one she must have worked diligently upon, to fill its purpose. Evidently she preserved the design. To smear it with kerosene and drop it by the raised window was a few moment's work and done for the purpose of showing that I left the house in that way instead of by the front door, as I did. As I stepped out into the night I congratulated myself that no one saw me leaving there. I now wish to God that some one had. Of course she knew the letter would be discovered and pasted together. I observed that she did not take the pains to tear it to bits, but tore it only twice across so that it would be easily patched together."

"I believe it!" burst from the lips of his listener. "I believe you are right!"

"She bound the corpse to the bed to disabuse the mind of any hint at suicide," he went on. "The crime must be positively fixed upon me. Well, she succeeded admirably in her hellish designs. But I have the trump card to play," the priest concluded. "If she is on earth I shall find her!"

"I shall! you mean," said Mercedes.

"Together we shall hunt her out."

"Together? What do you mean, Fabian? You—you forget what chance have you?"

"I repeat, Mercedes, that together we shall seek her, unless in the next few weeks the detective detailed upon the case shall have found her hiding place."

"I don't understand."

"I assured you a little while ago, Mercedes, that I should never die by the gallows. With your help I shall leave this prison when the last hope has fled."

"How can you do that, Fabian? It is impossible!"

"No, my plans I have thought out carefully—they are feasible. So stay with me, little girl. That is, do not leave the city to look for Edith Burke. I shall need you here to help me when the time comes. Of course, it is only my last resort should everything else fail. It is also a desperate chance, but it will succeed!"

"I shall stay with you, do not fear, Fabian. I shall die with you, if it should come to that!"

"Mercedes, what a joy, what a comfort a good woman can be to a man! I do not know, positively, that mortals go to Heaven, but I do know that Heaven sometimes comes to them. It opened wide its golden gates when it gave me your love.

After some moments Mercedes said: "It seems if you had pleaded your own case or your lawyer had presented this side to the jury it might——"

"It might have done some good, but I think not. It certainly would have been the means of putting the girl on her guard and so made it harder to track her. To produce her is the best method of establishing my innocence beyond any doubt. By lying low, this perhaps can be done. Now that the trial is over she will probably feel so secure she will take more freedom and be easier to track. This hope has been my sustenance for weeks. I preferred to hug my secret, giving the law a chance to unearth the plot if it could. It were wiser to keep my theories to myself than to air them, you see. Of course I have been hoping each day that the detective would bring in some glad news. He has failed to do so, and is constantly running on to false clues. I said to a reporter that I did not believe the girl was dead. I did this to sound his judgment. I was only laughed at, as I supposed. 'That is what the sausage man said when he killed his wife,' he laughed, 'but she has never come back. Neither will Edith Burke. Who, then, was burned?' I don't know, I answered, that is for you smart fellows to find out. I could if I had my liberty. After this I concluded to keep my theories to myself, not stating them even to my lawyer. They would only have been derided, as was everything which the attorneys said in my defense. How easy it is to fool the world if one goes as systematically to work as did this fiendish woman."

"Fabian, indeed you have cheered me wonderfully—wonderfully! I shall now take heart again," said Mercedes, as she rose to go. Whatever you wish me to do to aid you know that I shall do with all my heart. But—but I cannot imagine what it can be. I am greatly perplexed."

The condemned man sat for some time after she had gone, apparently lost in thought. That he had some confidence in the result of his plans was true, but he did not have that confidence which he expressed to her.

CHAPTER VI.

As the next few weeks dragged themselves out, the attorneys of the one so unjustly doomed did all in their power to secure a supercedes from the Supreme Court or a reprieve from the Governor.

When all their efforts had failed, the courage that had sustained the prisoner throughout his entire confinement, gave way somewhat. He had hoped to stay the hand of fate, expecting in the meantime to produce the evidence which he so constantly looked for. He had not full confidence in his own plans for escaping the gallows, and became very despondent as the time drew near for his execution.

Mercedes, by this time, was wild with grief that she could not hide. On the day before the unfortunate man was placed in the death cell he watched impatiently for her arrival at the jail. After he had been placed under heavier guard and greater restrictions, he realized that there would be little chance for the confidential talk which he must now have with her. Every act of his and hers would be watched, every whisper listened to. He spent many hours in earnest prayer, refusing to talk with any one but the fathers or the one whose faith and love had been his comfort.

At last she came and he turned with a welcoming smile.

"Ah, Fabian, it takes courage to smile when there is scarcely a shadow of hope that you will be saved," she said.

"I think, Mercedes, that it is something more than a shadow," he whispered. "And now be on your guard, for we are watched. I am forced to admit that I have come to the end, that my last chance of being saved or set free by human intervention has gone. I do not intend to suffer such a death if there is a way out of it. I hope yet to prove my innocence to the world and be honored among men for your dear sake if not for my own, Mercedes.

"Next Friday is the day set for my execution. My knowledge of the psychic law of suspended animation is all that I look to to save me from the gallows, Mercedes."

"Fabian!" she gasped.

"On Thursday night I shall resort to self-hypnotism as my last chance of escape from so horrible a fate as the law is determined to mete out to me. We had many demonstrations of this power, that is, of the objective mind over the subjective mind, while I was in college, and I know what there is in it. I shall put myself in a trance condition, a state resembling that of death. I shall be as one dead to all save you, my dear. You will understand that I am not. My last thought and word, as I let myself lose consciousness will be to come out of this state when I hear the words, 'Fabian, awake, it is Mercedes calling! Fabian awake!' fall from your lips. If I am pronounced dead, as I certainly shall be, you can attribute it to heart failure and claim my body for burial. To give color to the theory of heart failure, I shall in the meantime complain of trouble with that organ. Have me borne to the parish house as soon as possible on the morning of the discovery, on Friday morning. Plead to be left alone with my body. This will be granted you. Make the hour past that of midnight, say at one o'clock on Saturday morning or near that hour, then you call to me as I said, 'Fabian, awake, it is Mercedes calling!' Repeat this slowly, though fully and earnestly, at the same time making the passes over me that I have taught you and have talked to you about these last few days. You now understand why I have so thoroughly discussed with you this question of self-hypnosis of the passive mind by the active mind. I have every confidence that my plans will carry. Have ready for me an ordinary suit of clothes and the disguise of an old man. A gray wig and beard, also a change of disguise in case of emergency. Be yourself dressed as a boy. We will slip out of the house and travel the country over until we find this woman, Edith Burke. I have told Father O'Brien to cash a large check for you. He knows not why I requested it nor did he ask. No one, save yourself, Mercedes, has any intimation of this desperate chance at escape. I shall probably leave a letter explaining and begging the help and mercy of the fathers in this my only chance to save and clear myself of this horrible crime of which I have been convicted."

As he finished Mercedes sat like some frozen thing. Then regaining her faculties, she murmured:

"Oh, if it should not be as you say! But then, I must not entertain a doubt. No, no, I shall not. I will have confidence in this strange power, Fabian, and lend my prayers."

"Keep yourself passive, Mercedes, that is, after you have taken possession of my body until the hour that I shall need your help. Then cry clearly and earnestly the words with which you are to awaken my sleeping senses. It is a pretty bad ordeal for you to pass through, my dear, and you will be forced to do some clever acting, but you are capable of carrying out your part, I know. I trust you fully."

"Well you may, Fabian. I shall follow your instructions most minutely. At the hour of one o'clock on Saturday morning, if all goes well, I shall begin calling to you, using the power of concentration which you have taught me. I must—it must succeed! But we must be cautious, I see that another watch has come on, I think the guards are trying to get some inkling of our conversation. Is there anything more?"

"Nothing, only let me charge you to keep up your nerve and hope. You will need both as you never did before."

"I understand, dear Fabian, and am fully prepared. So you have heard absolutely nothing hopeful or encouraging from the detective sent out?"

"Some reports have come in as flimsy as they are misleading. I feared it would result this way. Still, I cannot help from thinking I sent the fellow on the right track."

"So, then, this is your only chance? Oh, if the physicians will only pronounce you dead!"

"There isn't a chance in a thousand that they won't."

"Oh, Fabian, should you not awaken when I call!"

"If such should be the case after repeated effort, say, after twelve hours from the time set, explain to the fathers and try a battery or a good hypnotist. This can be covered up. The proper inducement will fix the hypnotist all right."

"He shall have my entire fortune if that will satisfy him."

"Don't be too generous, dear. A few hundred will bring the best and seal his lips. But I have not the least idea that you will need the services of one. Your words, your voice, I shall have in mind during my last conscious moments, just as I feel myself going. It will be your voice that will rouse me, Mercedes. Just have my body wrapped and placed in an undertaker's wagon, and——"

"It seems I can't bear it!"

"You will be called upon to bear much, my dear girl. Command yourself, for after this interview I shall not be permitted to talk with you privately again. Perhaps it were best for this to be the last meeting between us. So when you rise to go, after a few moments, let it seem as though you expect this to be the last time that you will see me alive. Act the part, Mercedes. I shall judge of your competency," he smiled.

"I wonder what is the hour."

"I am sorry to tell you, dear one, that our time is about up," said Fabian, glancing at his watch. "It is time to act, Mercedes."

Mercedes took her cue and commenced to weep.

"Oh, I cannot go—I cannot give you up—don't ask it," she sobbed aloud, as both rose. Then she threw herself into his arms and indulged in a wildly hysterical fit of sobbing and moaning.

It was not wholly acting, for the mind of the distressed girl was filled with doubt and misgiving. She feared, more than she would have him know, that his plans might fail. There were so many "ifs" to confront even though this remarkable test of mind over matter succeeded.

"Time's up," at last called the guard.

Fabian let his arms fall from about her, but she still clung to him sobbing. At last, by sheer force, he released her arms and bade her be brave. He started to support her dragging footsteps to the cell door. They had all but reached it when she again turned and threw herself upon him with a renewed fit of sobbing and grief.

The affecting scene caused the tears to stand in the eyes of the men who had schooled themselves into looking stoically upon such partings.

At length he put her from him and motioned the guards to take her away. He, too, was visibly affected, not having full confidence in his plans.

As soon as the door swung to behind her Mercedes swooned in the arms of the guards. What Fabian looked upon as a commendable piece of acting was a reality, however. Her hope was not so great as his, she suffered as none knew.

At last in a half-dazed condition, she found herself back in the parish house. What hours of agony and suspense she must now endure until the final moment.

Would the gray dawn of Friday morning find him as he had told her or would he be led on that day to the scaffold? Her hopes and doubts and fears she would confide to no one, but busied herself with making preparation for the strange event. When all was done, she sat alone, silent, thoughtful and prayerful.

The priests knew how greatly she suffered and tried to say some comforting words, but she only pleaded to be left alone. Sleep had not come to her eyes for many hours, nor had food passed her lips. Her every moment was spent in earnest supplication.

When night closed down previous to the morning set for the execution she was startled by the step of Father O'Brien. Again had he come to console her as best he could. She was in a state of collapse he could readily see. She, too, realized this and asked for wine to brace herself. "I must not give up in this hour," she told herself, "else all might be lost. Great Heaven! should anything happen to me, what must be his fate! No one would know—he would be buried alive!" She started up with a shriek.

"What is it?" anxiously questioned the father.

She considered making him her confident—no, that would not do, else Fabian would have advised it. He might not agree that it was right to cheat the gallows, or if so, be a party to the ruse. Nothing remained for her to do but to command her courage and bear her secret alone.

"I am faint—bring me food," she gasped, "and wine—wine to strengthen me. I have need of it, father."

When a tray had been placed before her with a tempting meal, she thought of Fabian in his cell perhaps with his last one. The thought choked her—the food sickened her. She pushed the tray aside and drank down the wine. One, two, three glasses she quickly drained.

With strong persuasion, the good father finally coaxed her to lie down on the couch and try to seek some rest. Rising she stumbled to it and sank heavily down. Sleep at once came upon her. The wine, together with her utter exhaustion, closed her eyelids and dulled her senses.

Covering her with a light robe the father crept stealthily from the room and ordered perfect quiet that her rest might not be disturbed.

When the maid went to rouse her in the morning, she found that she could not and frantically called for help. As she did so she heard excited voices below in the hallway. Some unusual disturbance was going on.

"Come, father," she called to one of the three who stood talking earnestly together. "Mercedes—I cannot rouse her."

"Why, what does this mean?" questioned Father O'Brien of the others as he hurried up the stairs.

"It is as I feared, both have poisoned themselves!" sadly answered the one who closely followed.

They entered the room hurriedly and passed to the couch where the young girl lay. After a quick examination Father O'Brien said:

"It is but a heavy sleep. Stupefied with the wine, perhaps. It is well that she has rested. She will need all her strength on this fatal day."

"Hadn't we better rouse her?"

"A sad awakening for the little girl, but not so sad as though——"

Mercedes opened her eyes and sat up.

"I must have been asleep," she murmured. "What time is it?"

"Eight o'clock."

"Is it Thursday—Friday—what is the day?" she questioned anxiously. "Have I slept long?"

"The whole night through. This is morning."

"Friday morning?" she gasped, now springing to her feet.

"Friday morning."

"Does he live—does he still live?"

"No, Mercedes. We have been expecting a reprieve, but it is now too late."

"He has not been executed?" she shrieked.

The angel of death has miraculously cheated the gallows. Mercedes, let us be thankful that such is the case."

"He is dead!" she cried.

"Found dead this morning, died without a struggle or a moan. We have just come from the prison. Heaven in its mercy spared him so ignominious a death. Be comforted, my child."

"You—you saw, you have looked upon him?" she questioned, wild-eyed.

"Yes, my child, be comforted." And she was. A glad light broke over her face.

"So far, so good," she confided to herself.

"There, I thought you would be sensible and thankful for this deliverance from the hangman, Mercedes," continued Father O'Brien, feelingly. "But let me ask, have you any knowledge as to his possibly poisoning himself?"

"No, father."

"Did he give any hint that he would do so?"

"No, father. But I must go to him," she said, turning away.

"You did not aid him in taking his life?"

"I did not. It must be heart failure."

"The doctors are mystified. They see no signs of poisoning. As you say it must have been heart failure. But I was not aware that he suffered any from that cause."

"He has been complaining of his heart much of late. But I must go to him—I must claim his body."

"Wonderfully composed," she heard one of the fathers whisper.

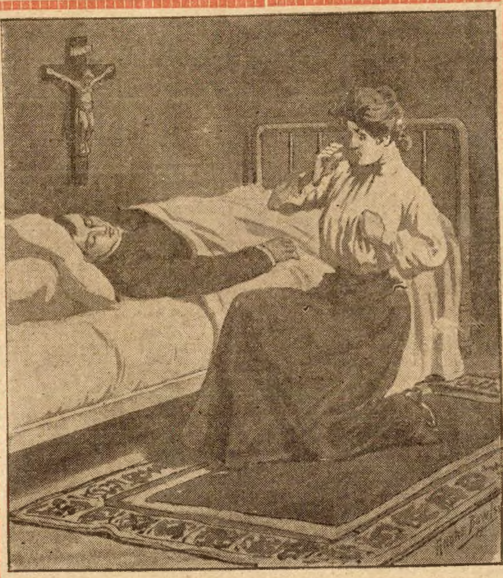
"I—I cannot, cannot realize that he is de——is no more," she sighed. "I cannot believe this until my own eyes tell me. You are not deceiving me? He did not die by the gallows?"

"The hour should set you to rest on that point, Mercedes. The hour fixed for his death was not before ten o'clock this morning."

"Then let us hurry at once and get his body."

"It is not necessary for you to go along, Mercedes."

"I must—I must! Don't try—don't dare attempt to hinder me," she cried out almost savagely.



"Fabian, awake! Fabian—"

"If the authorities are ready to give up the body your presence is not needed, Mercedes."

"I shall not be denied this privilege. Nothing but force will hold me. I must go immediately and plead for his body," she wildly cried.

"Then take a cup of coffee and we will start."

"Please order it up while I make a hasty toilet, dear father," as a thought of horror crept into her mind. "Do you suppose we will have any trouble in getting possession of his remains?"

"Not after they are through with the inquest."

"They may want to hold an autopsy," ventured one of the priests.

"My Heaven! Oh, my God!" burst from Mercedes' blanched lips. "This must not be—never! Come, let us go—come," she shrieked, and went tearing coatless and hatless down the stairs to the front door.

The priests, fearing that she had lost her reason, that she had become suddenly demented, hurried after her.

Father O'Brien grasped her arm and dragged her back as she was about to pass through the doorway.

She fought like some mad demon. "Let me go—let me go! Do you want them to murder him?" she cried, endeavoring to break from his hold.

"It is best to humor her," said one of the priests.

"She cannot leave the house in this condition, her mind is breaking," argued Father O'Brien.

"It will do so—I will go stark mad if you hold me here another moment!" said Mercedes, now endeavoring to calm herself. The thought that she might be placed in confinement caused her to use superhuman strength in quieting and nerving herself. Again, the thought of Fabian's lying on a dissecting table stirred her to a frenzy.

"He begged me to go to him and claim his body as soon as he was pronounced dead, Father O'Brien. I must keep that promise. Do not try to hinder me. I am fully myself. I am only troubled and frantic because you detain me."

"Humor her, humor her," urged the younger priest, so after helping her on with her wraps she was allowed to pass down the steps with them to the carriage which waited in front.

That drive to the prison Mercedes knew would live in her memory always. How long it seemed—and how the horses dragged their steps. Every little while she would call to the driver, "Drive faster, for the love of Heaven, drive faster!"

The thought of an autopsy had not entered her mind until it was mentioned by the priest. Now she could think of nothing else. It must be prevented. Fabian had not considered this point or he would have mentioned it. She was beside herself with fear. What moments of horror she was enduring the fathers little guessed. They only believed that she frenzied, half-deranged with grief.

At last the prison was reached. Mercedes almost ran to his cell. The warden called to her to return, explaining that the body lay in the death-cell where he now led the way.

The priests pleaded with her not to look upon the dead just at that time, but there was no doing anything with the desperate girl. She would have here way.

When they had entered the cell where lay the outstretched form covered with a sheet Mercedes hurried forward and snatched off the covering. Eagerly she felt of his cold face and pressed his stiffened hand between her own. Then bending her ear, listened if there were any heart-beat.

"It is true! He is dead!" she gasped, half believing. For to look upon the one lying so was most convincing in spite of his assurance that life would not be extinct. She looked anxiously into the faces crowded about. She must act her part.

"I could not believe it—I could not believe it until I saw!" she continued. "Now I know—Oh, my love, my love, it breaks my heart to see you so! How cruel it is—" She checked herself. Her cry, her voice might call him back at the wrong time. She must be guarded. "I must compose myself. Merciful Providence has stayed the hand of the hangman," she concluded, now quietly weeping.

"What do you think caused his death, doctor?" questioned Father O'Brien of the physician who had now come upon the scene. "What conclusion have you arrived at?"

"We are not exactly agreed," he answered. "Dr. Barrows thinks it may be a case of poisoning, while I am convinced that it is heart failure. Did you know if he was affected in this way?"

"Yes, yes," sobbed Mercedes, "many times of late, since he has been called upon to face this sorrow and disgrace, he has complained of his heart. He—he has been expecting this, I know from what he said. Now I understand. But come, let us take him away. Death has given him back to me. He is mine. He is yours no longer," she said to the officers.

"I think the body had best not be removed until later," said one of the physicians."

"But why, why not now? I must take him back—back with me to the parish house where he shall be beautified for burial and laid in sacred ground."

Her keen ear listened to the conversation that ensued between the priests and the physicians as they stepped aside. Hearing the fatal word "autopsy" she sprang quickly into their midst.

"On, don't, don't mutilate the dead!" she cried.

"We must hold the body for a time," urged the young doctor.

"No, no, do not touch him! You shall not—you shall not wound with your cruel instruments, your cold, sharp knives, his holy person. I forbid it! I forbid it!" she cried, now pleading in earnest for her lover's life.

"Better take her away," she heard some one say.

She turned to the jailer, the officers, the doctors, now frantic with grief and horror:

"Give him to me—oh, give my lover to me! Do not mar his remains. It is all I have to ask of you. Such a simple thing to grant a woman whose heart has been so wrung with sorrow. I can endure no more, no more. What I have suffered, what I now suffer, Heaven only knows! Be merciful, be generous," she moaned, now falling at the feet of the jailer with an agonized, tearful little face. "Give me my love now, now, to take home with me. His cold body is all that I have left. Do not keep it from me. Do not harm, do not mutilate that which is to me so dear and sacred."

Her earnest and impassioned pleading, her beautiful and sorrowful face, was too much for those to whom she appealed.

The jailer stooped and raised her. "Come," he said, "we will see what can be done. We did not think this could mean so much to you."

"Heart disease," that is what killed him without a doubt," said one of the doctors as he looked pityingly into the young girl's appealing eyes.

"I know that he has been complaining of it for weeks and had several bad spells," put in the jailer.

"I suppose it is just as well to give the body over to her?" spoke one of the officers.

Her pleadings had reached the hearts of all. Not one had now the courage to do other than as she requested.

When her wish was finally granted after some further controversy, Mercedes flew to the supposed corpse, to cover the cold face with her kisses, but instantly she drew back.

"He said for me to be passive—passive! I must not forget," she told herself. "Poor sufferer," she only said, very softly, then stood away and watched the undertakers, who had been summoned, wrap the body in a black shroud and carry it to the wagon waiting in front.

Warmly thanking those who had yielded to her persuasions, Mercedes now followed the priests out of the prison.

A large but undemonstrative crowd had collected outside, having heard of the prisoner's sudden death. Loud were the murmurings of pity for the bereaved girl, who, leaning on the arm of Father O'Brien, now stepped from the prison and entered a carriage.

Not until she saw the undertaker's wagon leading would she consent to be driven away.

"He is mine, he is mine!" she kept saying in her heart as they drove along. "God has given him back to me."

So filled with hope was she, it was hard not to betray her feelings. She kept talking feverishly and excitedly with the priests.

"You see, it is well that I went along, else they would have insisted upon this—this horrible murder."

"You make much of such a common proceeding as an autopsy, my dear girl," said one of the priests.

"It means much to me—so much," she said, "and to him. It means—" she checked her words and looked up quickly, studying the face of each, fearful that she might have given some hint of her precious secret.

"I did not know before that his heart was affected," observed Father O'Brien.

She turned on him an eye of suspicion. Had he an inkling of the truth, or did he think it a case of suicide and believe that she was endeavoring to hide the fact of the same.

"It only came upon him after his imprisonment. Heaven would not see him suffer such a death as the law decided that he should. Assuredly, the hand of the Divine is aiding in this escape from so pitiable an end," she added, with great intensity of feeling.

When they had borne the inanimate priest up the steps to his own room Mercedes begged to have the undertakers kept away until the following morning.

Here was another unexpected opposition which she was compelled to face, but her pleading and persistance finally won the battle as it had before.

Not for more than a few moments at a time would she leave the room where they had carried him.

Many called to look upon the dead and to learn when the funeral would take place, and now again must the watchful one have her own way in the matter. The doors until the day of the funeral must be closed against all save the fathers. She would make no exceptions, save the sisters, and the obsequies must not be held until the third day.

There seemed little use struggling or arguing with the determined girl, so at last all obstacles that stood in the way of the success to their plans had been thrust aside.

It was a terrible strain upon the young girl, this single-handed fight with fate, and her face showed plainly signs of the struggle through which she was passing. Deep lines had come about the mouth. The eyes looking out from the dark circles, were like eyes of one whose brain had already turned.

She hovered over the bed where the body lay, gazing anxiously into the pallid face, endeavoring to learn the truth. His condition would certainly deceive the most skilled physician. He was like one dead. At times she lost all heart, fearing that the worst had really come—that he would never waken from his death-like state.

It was past noon when they reached the house. She had more than twelve long hours to wait before she could know—before she could put this theory of his to the test. What hours of torture they must be! If he had really passed beyond how could she live? Would she have the courage to

(Continued on page seven.)

THE CHICAGO LEDGER
35 YEARS OLD.

Published Every Saturday
—BY—
W. D. BOYCE CO.

All communications should be addressed to
THE CHICAGO LEDGER,
112, 114 DEARBORN ST.,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $1.00 a year, 50 cents for six months, in advance. If not paid in advance, $2.00 a year, $1.00 for six months. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Post-office or Express Money Order, payable to The Chicago Ledger. Subscription price in Canada, $1.50 a year.

ADVERTISING.

Advertising rate $1.60 per Agate Line per Insertion, for advertisements in The Chicago Ledger and Saturday Blade.

Entered at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, as second-class matter.

THE CHICAGO LEDGER
—AND—
THE SATURDAY BLADE
Average More Than
750,000
COPIES WEEKLY
PROVED CIRCULATION.

BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the Ledger can be had by addressing this office. Always give the numbers desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address, and your order will receive prompt attention. Price 5 cents per copy.

BEWARE OF STRANGERS.

The Ledger employs no traveling agents to solicit subscriptions, and every person working in that capacity is a fraud. No person is authorized to take subscriptions for the Ledger unless he or she be well known in the city or village where they have been appointed agents to sell this paper every week. A liberal reward will be paid for evidence that will enable us to arrest and convict such persons as are now traveling from town to town in different sections of this country, claiming to be agents of the Ledger and thereby defrauding the people. Beware of strangers.

Honesty is the best paid-up policy.

Anything that is almost right is wrong.

A confidence man has very little confidence in other people.

The man who lives in the past carries his headlight on the wrong end.

You can't dodge the worst by sitting down and hoping for the best.

San Francisco thinks it will be good now for ten years. Why not make the goodness permanent.

Getting elected to the Douma may be classed henceforth as one of the hazardous occupations.

Pennsylvania statesmen should not rest easy when sitting on those graft sofas in the new capitol.

It is getting so that it hardly looks even like the picture of representative government in Russia.

Faith is something that enables a man to close his eyes to his own faults and imagine his neighbors can't see them.

Postal savings banks in Japan have broken the record for deposits. All highly civilized nations have them.

In case of war San Francisco should keep itself in readiness to spring an earthquake or a graft scandal on the enemy.

Senator Beveridge's idea that a Chicago girl is the right kind for a real statesman to marry helps to confirm his claim to the title.

Peace for the world may be a dream, as President Nelidoff of The Hague conference says, but the prospect of war is a nightmare.

We cannot understand why the Czar dissolved the Douma at this time. Now he cannot take off his boiler-plate underwear all summer long.

We trust that the playful school of whales which tagged an ocean liner almost up to the Flatiron building, New York, was a vacation school.

Until the question of the two-cent fare is settled the court injunction may as well be prepared to be called out of bed at almost any hour of the night.

Will our young people be obliged to wear a kissometer, so that they will know for certain when to take their sanitary gargles and antiseptic lip washes?

Some statistical expert at Washington has discovered that one out of every five women is a bread winner. Possibly some of them would rather win their bread than bake it.

Europe is not unprepared for the annual rush of tourists. In fact, there are men down at the wharves waiting for the boats with sacks in their hands, into which the tourists will be politely invited to throw their money.

The Deoth-Key Mystery.

(Continued from page three.)

want him to tell me from you, Mr. James?" Her cheeks were crimson, but her head erect.

J. J. James turned upon her fiercely, "That you shall never marry this—this—this——"

"Why, man," suggested Jansen Moore coldly. The sudden appearance of the young lady had iced his ardor. "Well, Miss Le Brune," he said with a bow, "we are quits, now; I did not listen to your letter in the character of another man. But you have listened to my conversation with your guardian without giving me a hint that there was a third person present."

Sopha's eyes flashed. "I did not know you were coming," she said. "I was waiting in there till whoever it was would go away. And when I found out it was you, I thought you would just tell about the letter and wouldn't mind my hearing, but would be glad to know I did hear. And—and I never dreamed you would say——"

Sopha sank upon a chair and hid her face in her arms.

"This is not to be borne!" cried J. J. James. "Sir, leave the room. What does this mean, Miss Sopha? You say you didn't think he would say what? Did you know the fellow had had the impudence to fall in love with you?"

"Yes," said Sopha whisperingly.

"And you thought I wouldn't tell it?" cried Jansen Moore, "after I had promised to tell the important events of my life since coming here? Why, that is the greatest thing of all and the only thing I am proud of."

"Please go away," said Sopha, raising her head and looking at him from over her interlocked arms.

"There are other things to tell," objected Moore doubtfully.

"You'll not tell them to me!" shouted J. J. James who had lost his wonted equipoise.

"Please," said Sopha, softly, "Please go, Mr. Moore."

Jansen Moore looked into her luminous blue eyes and thrilled with the impression that she was not displeased with him after all.

"Miss Sopha, have I redeemed myself?" he persisted.

"Yes—I—we are as you say, quits."

"And do you think better of me?"

"Yes," said Sopha, decidedly, "I do. But please go, Mr. Moore."

"I go because you ask me to," said Moore. He strode to the door.

"And while you're going," cried J. J. James, fiercely, "I'll give you something to take along with you. And that is this, namely, that Miss Sopha Le Brune will never be your wife."

"I shall if I want to be," cried Sopha Le Brune lifting her blushing face and flashing most defiant eyes at J. J. James.

"Oh, Sopha!" exclaimed Moore, "I can't go—I——"

Sopha held up her little hand, and Jansen Moore dashed from the room with clenched hands. He thundered down the steps giving himself no opportunity to reconsider. He had come at Sopha's desire; he left at her wish.

Out upon the sidewalk he paused.

He heard a window hastily raised above his head.

He looked up.

Suddenly Sopha's head appeared from the second-story window.

"I was proud of you," she called.

Then the face flashed back and the window closed sharply.

Jansen Moore put his hand upon his heart.

"I may not be a hero," he muttered, "but I feel like one!"

CHAPTER XIV.

Keeneyes was waiting for Jansen Moore's return.

Perhaps he expected Moore to come back from the law office of J. J. James humiliated and chagrined.

Indeed, as he stood before the hotel steps, he was sorry for his young friend. Keeneyes knew J. J. James entertained anything but friendly feelings toward this experimeter in mysteries. J. J. James had, he was sure, done all in his power to frighten Moore from the scene of Boliver Bering's murder; yet Moore had gone to J. J. James to confess his deception to Mrs. Le Brune.

"Poor Moore!" thought Keeneyes; "I hope he will get away from J. J. James with a whole skin."

Just then Moore came in sight. He appeared to be treading upon air. His face was radiant. Keeneyes stared incredulously.

Moore almost stepped upon Keeneyes without seeing him.

"Any bones broken?" Keeneyes inquired skeptically.

"Mr. Zellers, I'm the happiest man alive," cried Moore.

"Why so?" demanded the detective begrudgingly.

Jansen Moore grinned and said, "I hand you that as a fact. It is for you to make your own inferences."

"I have long since made my inference about you," remarked Keeneyes drily. "But draw up one of those chairs; we will sit on the sidewalk. I have something to tell you, if you haven't to tell me."

"Mr. Zellers," murmured Moore, "I don't believe I can follow you. I'm too happy. She said she was proud of me. She said she'd marry me if she wanted to. She looked like an angel. There was a halo of gold all above her lovely face and when she said——"

"Did she say she wanted to?"

"No; what she meant was that if she ever wanted to, she'd do it; she is that independent. I never saw such a girl. I suppose it's because there aren't any others, she has a way, too, of lifting up her chin to make herself seem taller——"

"Did J. J. James agree to the match?" Keeneyes sneered.

"Agree? he was just like a mad bull from start to finish. If she hadn't been there, I suppose there'd have been some physical culture exercise. We couldn't shed blood in her presence. I never saw anybody like her."

"I am glad," said Keeneyes, cruelly, "that she doesn't resemble the lady who was once Miss Nell Atkins. I refer to your former sweetheart, who married, you will remember about a year ago—married your rival, Moore; married the young man——"

"Oh, I don't care whom she married," Moore said indifferently; "Nell Atkins simply couldn't hold a candle to Sopha."

"You thought your heart was broken, I remember," murmured Keeneyes; "well, the girl to whom you were engaged—used to take moonlight strolls with—at least the girl you were just on the eve of being engaged to—and that's a tenderer time even than the engagement—I believe I told you the latest news of her? Fine boy, they say, very fine, ten pounds."

"I wouldn't care if there were twins," said Moore, smiling. "Now about Sopha—"

"I have something to tell you," said Keeneyes. "If you don't listen, it will be the worse for you. J. J. James has ordered you away from Fenceville before midnight. If he finds you here after that time, he'll deal roughly with you; and especially after this high-handed interview of yours with Miss Sopha as a witness, he'll be doubly revengeful. So you ought to get out of here this afternoon."

"I'm not going away," said Moore. "I'll arm myself——"

"Please listen a little longer. It is necessary for us to go to Florida, as there is no more to be learned here of the mystery. And we might just as well go at once and have it over."

"But I want to stay here."

"Just as you please. Then you give up this mystery case?"

"I don't mean to give up Sopha Le Brune."

"But my dear fellow, we will be gone only a short time. When you return, Miss Sopha will be all the more pleased to see you after our absence. I cannot think of a better way for you to press your suit than by staying away at large intervals."

"And I could go and tell her good-by," said Moore, thoughtfully.

"Certainly. That will give you an excuse to see her again, and as her mother thinks you are Keeneyes, she'll be glad to see you, too. Then when you start, you can be tenderly regretful and when you come back you can be tenderly glad—there's nothing like taking a slice out of an acquaintanceship—a slice of absence or misunderstanding. It makes the rest of the cake taste better.

"She will want to know why we are going to Florida."

"You will tell her you wish to interview Phil Deedum and his wife, the former widow of Boliver Bering. We will leave at five o'clock. In this way, we will hasten the mystery case to a finish, we will provide you and Miss Sopha with the romance of a parting, and we will spirit you away from the meditated chastisement of J. J. James. You see? The purchase of your ticket buys a treble blessing."

"I don't want to go away," said Moore gloomily.

"I shall go at five o'clock," said Keeneyes. "If you remain here it will be a confession that the mystery has mastered you."

"But what will we do when we get to Florida?" Moore objected. "Will we go to Mr. and Mrs. Phil Deedum and ask them which one of them killed old Boliver Bering? I see no use in this trip. If there are any clews to the murder they must be right here."

"We have all they clews we want," said Keeneyes. "What we now intend to do is to confront the criminal and extort a confession of guilt."

"Not a single clew have I found," Moore declared.

"You forget the vicious horse," said Keeneyes with a smile.

Jansen Moore looked at the other sharply, but Keeneyes, with long legs stretched before him, and hands clasped behind his head, gave no sign of sarcasm.

Jansen Moore rose, and not long after, drove out to Whiteoak Farm in a livery buggy. He was well received. Mrs. Le Brune in particular, thinking him the detective of her choice, entered fully into the story of her uncle's death, and having exhausted that subject, told about several other distant relatives, who, though without the distinction of having been murdered, had figured in history with military titles.

Sopha Le Brune listened demurely and in the presence of Moore's handsome, ingenuous face, for once did not find her relations tiresome.

When Jansen Moore drove back to town, he wore a rose upon his coat.

Keeneyes looked at it with disapproval.

"Moore, if you don't put your mind on your work, there's no use for you to go with me to Florida. There'll be very serious business there. A murderer who has kept the secret of the crime four years, and who for about a year has been happily married—that is, happily married so far as the world knows to the contrary—such a murderer, I say is not one to deal with except with every faculty alert and every desperate chance to be coolly met."

"Certainly," said Moore. "I understand that. I'm ready to go. I'm going to press this now. There'll be time before the train."

CHAPTER XV.

There is a small town in Florida named Everglades.

It is built upon a point of land which extends into a vast sheet of water, comparatively shallow and diversified by islands of a brilliant green. The lake exhibits many tortuous windings after reaching the flat lands opposite the point, and gradually loses itself in the fastness of a swamp, breaking up into narrow arms that reach away under a wilderness of flowering branches and among rank, coarse grasses.

Many boats of small variety are to be seen along the waterfront of Everglades, more for the leisure of tourists than for the convenience of the inhabitants.

It was to Everglades, Florida, that Keeneyes brought Jansen Moore.

The train from Fenceville, Nebraska, arrived at the little station at one o'clock in the morning.

Keeneyes rose alert from his chair and caught up his little valise, which contained, among other trifles, the manuscript of his autobiography still only half completed.

"Don't forget anything, Moore," he said. "Here we are. Got the umbrella?"

"Yes, yes. Go ahead. I'm coming."

"Got your grip?"

"Oh," said Moore, hastily dragging it down from the rack, "I'd forgotten that."

"Got your rose?"

"You bet I have!" cried Moore, smiling. They stepped off upon the patched platform. The train showed them a green eye and vanished.

"I thought you said this is a little town," remarked Jansen Moore, staring up the lighted street. There was a bright moon, but the electric lights were carrying on an independent business of his own.

"I thought I said so, too," returned Keeneyes, also staring.

"There are a great many people on the street," said Moore. "And it is too late for them to be coming from a party or opera."

"They appear excited," said Keeneyes. "Something unusual is in the air. Come, we will make inquiries."

As soon as they stepped off the platform, they found agitated forms all about them. Keeneyes accosted a man.

"Some accident?" he inquired.

"Woman missing," said the man, delighted to find a subject who had not already been fed to satiety on the news of the day. "Mrs. Phil Deedum."

"Ah!" cried Jansen Moore. "You say Mrs. Phil Deedum is missing?"

"Yes, sir, yes, sir, the whole town has turned out to hunt for her. But not a trace has been found, and we don't know which way to turn. Parties are scouring the country for a distance of ten miles."

"Where is Mr. Phil Deedum?" Keeneyes inquired.

"He's at the head of one search-party. I don't know where they are by this time. Mrs. Deedum—she was missed about twilight, and no knowing how long she'd been gone then."

"That is surprising," said Keeneyes. "She is the very lady my friend and I have come all the way from Missouri to see."

"Oh! friend of yours?"

"Well, we feel greatly interested in her."

"But," said the man, "did you know—had you heard—that a few weeks ago——"

"No," said Keeneyes, "we haven't heard from her since her second marriage."

"Oh! then you don't know that she lost her mind?"

"We hadn't heard a word of it," said

Personally Conducted Excursions

To a Land Where Crops Never Fail.

One acre of irrigated land in the fertile valleys of the Big Horn Basin and the Yellowstone River, yields twice the crop of the best farm land in the Central States, **and the crops never fail.** Prices $20 to $50 an acre with water right, perpetual and unfailing.

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED EXCURSIONS on Tuesdays, July 2 and 16, Aug. 6 and 20, Sept. 3 and 17, Oct. 1 and 15, and Nov. 5 and 19, 1907.

SPECIAL ROUND TRIP RATES to Worland, Basin or Cody, Wyoming; or Billings, Montana, from Missouri River points $20, Mississippi River points $23; Chicago $25. Excursion leaves Omaha 4:10 p.m., Lincoln 6:00 p.m., Kansas City 10:10 a.m. and 6:05 p.m., St. Louis 8:02 a.m. and 9:01 p.m., Chicago 9:15 a.m. and 11.:00 p.m. on dates named.

I am employed by the Burlington Route to show these lands and my services are free.

Burlington Route

Let me send you testimonials of farmers who have accompanied me on former excursions, and also new folder with large map telling all about these lands.

D. Clem Deaver, General Agent,
LAND SEEKERS' INFORMATION BUREAU,
Room 6, C., B. & Q. Bldg., Omaha, Neb.
3531

Keeneyes. "I am very sorry to hear it."

"Yes, it was very sad. It was when her little garl was born. She hasn't had a lucid interval since. Her husband has been obliged to guard her with the closest attention because—well, you see, she tried to kill her own child——"

"Horrible!" exclaimed Jansen Moore, staring blankly at the hurrying men and women as they flitted under the electric lights.

"Yes—she had a cord around its neck soon after it was born—and she has wanted to get at it ever since."

"What delusion does she labor under?" asked Keeneyes.

"Nobody knows. She never says a word. The doctors don't understand. It is just a stealthy, deathly kind of quiet that's come over her. Her wild eyes show always, a spark of resolution, however; and that resolution is to get at her child and take possession of it."

"To kill it?"

"Naturally it is supposed so."

"Her husband isn't afraid of her?"

"He is afraid for her to get at the child, but she has never offered any violence to him."

"Wonder why he didn't have her put in an asylum?"

"That's what he ought to have done, as this night's history shows. Now she is at liberty—nobody knows where. Something terrible is going to happen unless she is overpowered."

"Where is the child?"

"The old nurse has it."

"Is it guarded from its mother?"

"I suppose so. She isn't here, anyway, now. And she won't come back while all this stir is being made."

"Well, Moore," said Keeneyes, "let us engage a room at the hotel, then you and I will join in the search, too. This concerns the Boliver mystery, so it is strictly our business."

"It is awfully gruesome," muttered Jansen Moore. "It seems strange that on our first night here we should come upon such a horrible situation."

Keeneyes did not answer. His face and movements indicated that he held himself at highest tension. It was evident that his mind was intent upon the situation at hand. They went to a hotel and when a room was secured, Keeneyes sought the services of a boy who could show him about Everglades.

Although it was late, all the town seemed astir, and there was no difficulty in finding a boy to show them where Phil Deedum lived.

"Now, boy," said Keeneyes, hastily, "I will pay you in proportion to the way you hurry. I'll call you Sam. That's a good name for a lad of your age and auburn hair, and we've no time to be picking up immaterial and irrelevent names. You know where Mr. Phil Deedum lives?"

"Yes, sir."

"Take us there at once."

The boy set out on a trot and Keeneyes and Jansen Moore hurried after him.

As they sped up Main street, there sounded calls upon all sides, indicating the nature of the night's excitement. "Why didn't you bring that lantern?" shouted a voice. "Did Jake take the boat?" called another. "Who went to Little Pocket Swamp?" shouted a third.

At last the boy stopped before a large two-story house set back in a yard in which grew dense shrubbery.

"This here's the place," said the boy.

"Very good, Sam. Now, where would we be apt to find that old black nurse that takes care of Phil Deedum's baby?"

"She stays in the end of the house—that there's her light at the window."

"Very good. You wait here at the gate till we come back."

Keeneyes walked briskly up the front path, which branched before it reached the front of the house. There were two front doors, and the light came from the door set back from the long balcony. Keeneyes, always followed by Jansen Moore, took the turning away from the main door and went toward the light.

They had not reached the steps when a man suddenly crossed their path. "Good morning," said the man.

"Good morning," said Keeneyes. "Are you Mr. Deedum? Mr. Phil Deedum?"

"I am. Have you heard anything? Have they found her?" asked the man eagerly. The moonlight was full upon him. It showed a handsome man of little more than twenty-five, who, however, had been sadly aged by misfortune. Already his hair was heavily streaked with gray.

Jansen Moore looked curiously at the man whom he believed to be the murderer of old Boliver Bering. He was prepared to find a dark and secret brow, a shifting, uneasy eye, a hard, if not cruel mouth.

He found indeed, lines upon the fine face that indicated reserve, perhaps secrecy; but there was no self-written confession of the villain.

"I am a stranger to Everglades," Keeneyes answered quickly. "My name is Zellers; this is my friend Moore. We just came in off the train. When we heard of your wife's disappearance, we decided to offer our help. I have had some experience in dealing with the mentally unbalanced, and my friend Moore is an investigator of rare skill."

"Thank you," said Phil Deedum, doubtfully. "Everybody is looking for a trace of her."

"When did you last see her, Mr. Deedum?"

"It was about six o'clock. I was obliged to leave the place, to be gone several hours. As always on such occasions, I locked her into her room. When I am at home, confinement is unnecessary."

"I understand," said Keeneyes, "that the only danger in suffering her to be at liberty, is her resolution to sieze upon her child?"

"That is true."

"How did she escape from the room?"

"She must have leaped from the window—it is an upper window—out upon that tree. It seems almost impossible that she could have jumped so far, but we found the door locked just exactly as I left it."

Keeneyes walked under the window and measured its distance from the nearest branches of the tree. "No," he said, "it is not impossible. And in her unnatural state of mind, and consequently with her unnatural nervous condition, she might have leaped that far. But would no one have seen her?"

"This house, as you see, stands back from the road," said the distressed husband, "and the road is a quiet one."

"And when was she missed?"

"I came home at dusk. I was uneasy all the time I was gone, thinking about the child—just as I always am when from home. But I couldn't stay to transact my affairs. I hurried upstairs—unlocked the door—she was gone."

"But the child was safe?"

"Yes, thank God," said the man reverently.

Jansen Moore said to himself, "Surely this cannot be the murderer of his wife's first husband; it is impossible!"

"You gave the alarm at once?"

"Yes."

"You have no idea where she may have gone?"

"None."

"I hope," said Keeneyes, "that you have a secure guard set over your child?"

"I left the search-party and came home," said Deedum, "to protect the child. It occurred to me that she might slip back and find only the nurse here and—and——"

"I understand," said Keeneyes. "But how do you know she has left the place at all?"

Phil Deedum looked at him in surprise. "She has broken from her room. She is gone. We think she must be hiding in the swamp."

"Yes, yes," said Keeneyes quietly, "of course she must be. The swamp. Yes, Moore, let us get a boat and cross the lake and search in the swamp. Mr. Deedum will you go with us?"

"I think I had better stay here," said Phil Deedum. "The nurse is faithful, but she would be no match to her mistress if she should by any chance escape the searchers and get back here."

"I think you had better go with us," said Keeneyes. "I am sure you had. However, at present, before you definitely decide, will you come with me and show me the other side of the house?"

"She couldn't have escaped from the other side," Deedum objected.

"Well, at least you can prove that," said Keeneyes, laughing.

Phil Deedum looked at him in amazement and so did Jansen Moore.

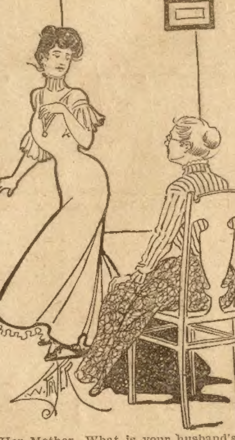
"Certainly," said Phil Deedum, coldly. The sound of the detective's laughter had not only shocked, but angered him.

As soon as they had turned the corner, Keeneyes stopped and laid his hand upon Phil Deedum's shoulder.

"Mr. Deedum," he whispered, "your wife is crouching in the shrubbery with her eyes upon the light from the nurse's room. While we were talking I saw her bloodless face three times."

Phil Deedum started in agitation, and Jansen Moore felt his heart grow cold.

This extremely interesting and humorous story of detective work will be continued in next week's Ledger. You will miss a great deal of amusement, as well as much mystery and exciting incidents, if you fail to read this capital story to the close. Thousands are subscribing for the Ledger each month, so that they may read regularly the great stories appearing constantly in its pages. We would like to have your name on our list. Look at our premium offers on pages thirteen and fifteen and see if you do not want one of our King Cameras or six of our summer patterns. They are forwarded to you entirely without charge.



Her Mother—What is your husband's income now?

Her Married Daughter—Well, it's usually anywhere between 1 and 4 o'clock in the morning.

The First Lady in the Land.

Adam looked at his helpmate thoughtfully.

"Well," he said, in his emphatic way, "there's certainly one honor that is indisputably yours, my dear."

"And what is that, Ad?" queried our first mother.

Adam suddenly smiled.

"Nobody can dispute the claim that you are the first lady in the land," he said.

The Damnation of Father Fitzgerald

(Continued from page five.)

live on? she asked herself. But she must not think of this, she must put her mind wholly upon his awakening as he had directed. Finally she took up her position by the bed and did not move or murmur again until night had fallen. The priests came and went, the servants wept over the body, and, a nun came to sit beside her, but Mercedes sat like a gravestone, staring into the face of her lover and making no sign that any one else was near. When she was addressed she motioned for silence and made no reply. "Demented," was whispered by all as they reached the outer hall.

At last, as the hours of the night commenced to drag themselves by, she dropped on her knees and so remained until after midnight.

The sister who sat with her, and also Father O'Brien, begged of her to go to her chamber and take some rest, but she only shook her head.

Of a sudden, she rose and riveted her eyes on the clock where they remained until the hands pointed to a quarter of one.

All in the household had retired save the nun who sat with the supposed dead. She now urged Mercedes to lie down and take a much needed rest.

"Leave me alone with him for an hour while I take my last farewell. I would be alone with my dead," she answered. "You, sister, go lie in the outer room for an hour or so while I remain. Then I will come and call you and do as you bid."

"Mercedes," said the sister very solemnly, "have you any thought of taking your own life? I fear to leave you alone with this terrible grief to bear. You were weak once, you know, and——"

"You have nothing to fear, dear sister. I pledge you my word that I have no such thought in mind," she interposed. "I have much to live for. I must, before I die, bring the guilty to justice, and so lift the stain from his fair name. This shall be my single purpose in life from now on."

"I am glad to hear you talk like this, Mercedes, and know that you are so sensible. I had feared the strain would prove too great, but am relieved. I see that you are quite yourself." Now kissing her cheek, the sister stole quietly away, respecting the young girl's grief and thinking that she only wished to be left alone with the dead that she might for the last time pour out her love and sorrow, with no ear to listen, no eye to look on.

Softly closing the door between, the sister sank down on a couch where, being freed from all worry on Mercedes' account, sleep soon stole over her.

Mercedes stood almost breathless for the next ten minutes staring steadfastly into the countenance of the one who lay before her. The lines in her face were drawn taut. Her eyes looked as though they must burn themselves out.

At length she commenced to make passes with her hands over the sleeper. She kept this up for some moments, then called forcibly and clearly.

"Fabian, awake, it is Mercedes calling! Fabian, awake! Fabian, awake!"

She kept calling and making the passes for some time. He gave no sign. Now she began to tremble with fear and grasping his shoulders endeavored to shake him.

"Fabian, awake! Fabian, awake!" she frantically called. "Oh, dear Heaven, he does not answer! He is dead!" she moaned. "He is really dead—Fabian, Oh, Fabian, it is your Mercedes calling; come back, Fabian! Awake—awake—Oh, Fabian can't you hear me? Fabian, awake!" she called, now sobbing wildly. "Oh, Fabian, for the love of God, awake—come back to your Mercedes!"

Still there was no answer. She sank down on the bed beside him limp and white, almost mad with despair.

"This will never do! I must not give up," she cried again, springing to her feet. She trembled so she could scarcely stand, but renewed her efforts.

"Fabian, awake! Fabian, awake. Oh, God, awake Fabian! Mercedes calls you! Mercedes calls you! Oh, Fabian, in the name of God, awake!"

As there was still no sign, she went to call the sister. Cautiously opening the door she stepped into the room and started to rouse her, then changed her mind and ran back to look upon her lover.

This dramatic story will be continued in next week's Ledger, presenting the readers with some very startling episodes and situations. Its perusal to the end will highly reward you. If you are not a subscriber to the Ledger, you are strongly advised to send in the price of subscription at once. If you do so, we will be glad to send you free one of our King Cameras or any six patterns you may select from our pattern page. Look at our advertisement on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Jones and the Telephone.

Jones is a lawabiding citizen of a nearby town. He wrote to a friend that he expected to visit Kansas City.

The friend, an admirer of Jones, acknowledged with pleasure the letter and requested that advance notice of his expected arrival be given so that suitable preparation for entertaining him could be made.

Jones, however, wished to surprise his city acquaintance, and did not announce beforehand the date upon which he expected to reach here. Soon after his arrival he sought a telephone with this rather discouraging result:

"Give me 22 2-22 Grand," he whispered into the transmitter after consulting the telephone directory.

"Grand toot, toot, toot, double toot," was what he thought he heard.

"No, no!" he exclaimed; "I am not on a grand toot—single or double."

Soon a brusque voice thundered into the receiver, "Well!"

"Is this Mr. Citiman's office?" meekly inquired the bewildered Jones.

"Huh, huh!" was the brief response.

"This is Mr. Jones of Glendale——"

"Mr. What?" interrupted the voice.

"Jones!" replied the visitor. "Tell Citiman I'll be——"

"Did you say Bones?"

"Jones—Jones of Glen——"

"All right Mr. Bones, to whom do you wish to speak?"

"Mr. Citiman. I'm a friend of——"

"He is very busy just now. Wait a moment."

"Pardon me, Miss," said Jones several minutes later, "but will you please give me the Grand toot toot toot again, and tell the young man at the other end of the crossing whistle to tell Mr. Citiman that Mr. Jones of Glendale wishes to talk to him at least long enough to express an opinion of him?"

"Hello! Hello, Bones——"

"Bones be blowed! This is Jones——"

"Spell it!"

"Spell it yourself. You ust drag out a city directory and look at the J's. The one there's the most of is it."

"All right," said the voice; "call up again in about three days. It will take me that long to look up all the Jays that have their names in the directory."

And Jones has retired to Glendale with an improved opinion of that village. It has no telephones.

No Need to Count.

Mr. Jones, who has any amount of civic pride and plenty of courage, is always burning to perform strenuous deeds of good citizenship. In short, he is so bent on "doing something" for the benefit of his growing town that he rushes in where wiser men keep out.

One evening he was passing a building where a political rally was in progress. There was a good deal of noise—much more than was consistent with Jones' idea of law and order.

"Boys," he said to his companions, the light of battle in his eyes, "this won't do. As usual, there isn't a policeman to be seen. But I'm going in there to throw those roisterers out. You stay right here, and one of you count them as they come out."

In went Jones, the valorous. In a few minutes out came a man through the window. Sash, glass and all came with him. One of Jones' companions shouted:

"One!"

"You needn't count any more!" called a voice from the gutter. "It's me that came out!"

MRS. CORA B. MILLER MAKES A FORTUNE

Started a Few Years Ago with No Capital, and Now Employs Nearly One Hundred Clerks and Stenographers.

Until a few years ago Mrs. Cora B. Miller lived in a manner similar to that of thousands of other very poor women of the average small town and village. She now resides in her own palatial brown-stone residence, and is considered one of the most successful business women in the United States.

Mrs. Miller's New Residence, Earned In Less Than One Year.

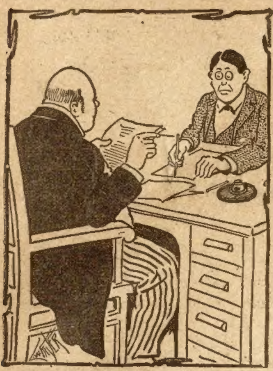
Several years ago Mrs. Miller learned of a mild and simple preparation that cured herself and several friends of female weakness and piles. She was besieged by so many women needing treatment that she decided to furnish it to those who might call for it. She started with only a few dollars' capital, and the remedy, possessing true and wonderful merit, producing many cures when doctors and other remedies failed, the demand grew so rapidly she was several times compelled to seek larger quarters. She now occupies one of the city's largest office buildings, which she owns, and almost one hundred clerks and stenographers are required to assist in this great business.

Million Women Use It.

More than a million women have used Mrs. Miller's remedy, and no matter where you live, she can refer you to ladies in your own locality who can and will tell any sufferer that this marvelous remedy really cures women. Despite the fact that Mrs. Miller's business is very extensive, she is always willing to give aid and advice to every suffering woman who writes to her. She is a generous, good woman and has decided to give away to women who have never used her medicine $10,000.00 worth absolutely FREE.

Every woman suffering with pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing-down feelings, nervousness, creeping sensations up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, or piles from any cause, should sit right down and send her name and address to Mrs. Cora B. Miller, Box 8498, Kokomo, Ind., and receive by mail (free of charge in plain wrapper) a 50-cent box of her marvelous medicine; also her valuable book, which every woman should have.

Remember, this offer will not last long, for thousands and thousands of women who are suffering will take advantage of this generous means of getting cured. So if you are ailing, do not suffer another day, but send your name and address to Mrs. Miller for the book and medicine before the $10,000.00 worth is all gone.



Senator G. Raft—When I die I want the following epitaph on my tombstone: "Here lies a Senator and an honest man."

Secretary—Er—won't some people imagine that two men are buried in one grave, sir?

Ladies, Preserve Your Youthful Appearance.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results.

Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

A Paying Partnership.

Struggling Playwright (gloomily)—There is no chance for talent in these days, no chance at all.

Stranger—That's because you don't know how to use your talents. Go into partnership with me, and we'll both make fortunes. All you need to do is to write a ten-act play. I'll get it produced at the Fashion Theater at my own expense and we'll divide the profits.

Playwright—Are you the manager of the Fashion Theater?

Stranger—No; I run the saloon next door.

Wouldn't Risk It.

Tired Tatters—Say, Weary, wot's de matter wid us walkin' down de railroad track?

Weary Walker—Not fer me. I ain't goin' t' disgrace meself by havin' people t'ink I'm a actor.

Out of the Mouths of Babes.

Little Fred—Why is it that women are always complaining about their servants?

Little Elsie—Oh, that's just to let people know they can afford to have 'em.

Teacher—Johnny, can you explain the difference between "like" and "love"?

Johnny—Yes, ma'am. I like bread and but I love pie.

"Oh, mamma," exclaimed little Harold, as he made his first close inspection of an automobile, "this wagon has got rubbers on to keep its wheels from getting wet!"

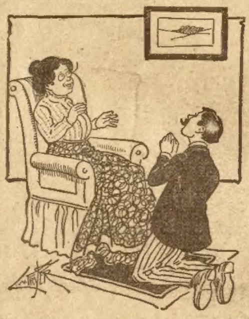
Little Jack was discovered one day vigorously applying machine oil to the cat's mouth.

"What are you doing that for?" queried his mother.

"So she won't squeak so when I pull her tail," explained Jack.

In Ancient Days.

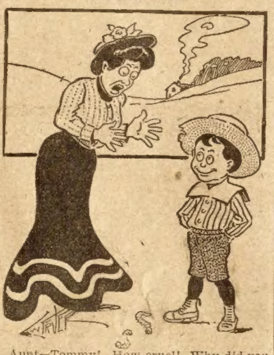
A roar swept through the ark,
Said Noah: "It's not the rainstorm;
Lower the lifeboats! Hark!
The jumbos are having a brain storm!"



Miss Gotrox (sentimentally)—I shall devote my life and money to the poor and needy.

Mr. Flatbroke—Oh, joy! Then you accept my proposal!

Considerate.



Aunt—Tommy! How cruel! Why did you cut that poor worm in two?

Tommy—He seemed so lonely.

A Dainty Little Maid.

Every one ought to have her. She is dressed in pretty colors and changes the color of her skirt herself when it is going to rain. She indicates when it is wise to take an umbrella or when you can do without. She is the simplest and best of barometers. She is an ornament, a good seller for agents, a pretty gift, a good business souvenir and useful to any one. She or one of her sisters comes postpaid with full directions for only 10 cents. W. P. Randolph & Co., 78 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Unconspicuous.

Rural Minister—None of the brothers whose duty it is to pass the plate is here today. Would you object to taking up the collection?

Modest Worshiper—I never passed the plate in church in my life, and I'm afraid I'd be rather awkward.

Rural Minister—Oh, never mind about that. It won't be noticed. Most of my congregation become absorbed in their hymn-books about the time the plate goes round.

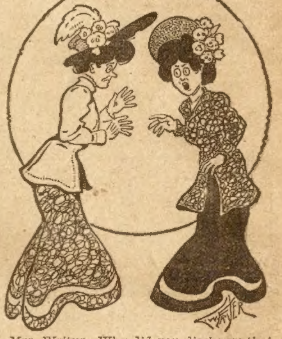
Map of the World 25 Cents.

A beautiful map, valuable for reference, printed on heavy paper, 42x64 inches, mounted on rollers, edges bound in cloth, showing our new island possessions, the Trans-Siberian Railway, Pacific Ocean cables, railway lines and other features of Japan, China, Manchuria, Korea and the Far East. Sent on receipt of 25 cents in stamps by W. B. Kniskern, P. T. M. Chicago & North-Western Railway, Chicago, Ill.

A Small Meeting.

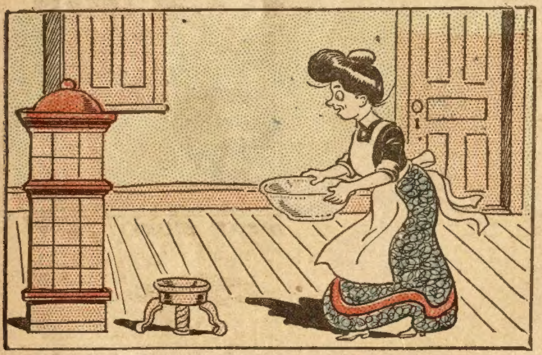
President (New York Rapid Transit Commission)—The attendance today is very small.

Secretary—All the members are here, sir, except the six who were blown up this week in pavement explosions, the four who were killed by electric-light wires, the ten who were smashed up on the elevated railroad, and in the subway, and the half a dozen who were run over by automobiles in Broadway.

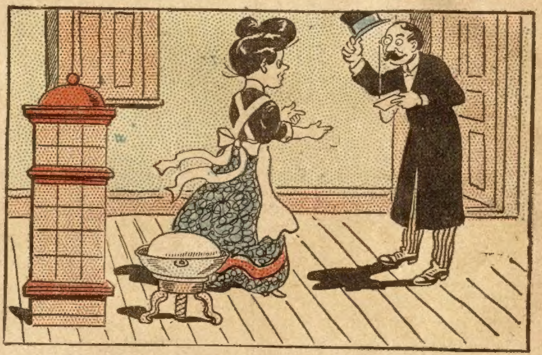


Mrs. Writup—Why did you discharge that nurse girl?

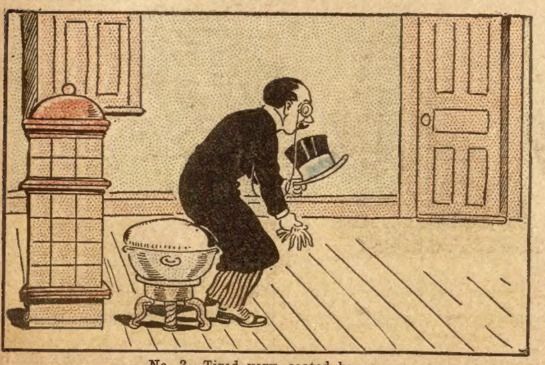
Mrs. De Swell—She kicked poor little Fido just for biting the baby.



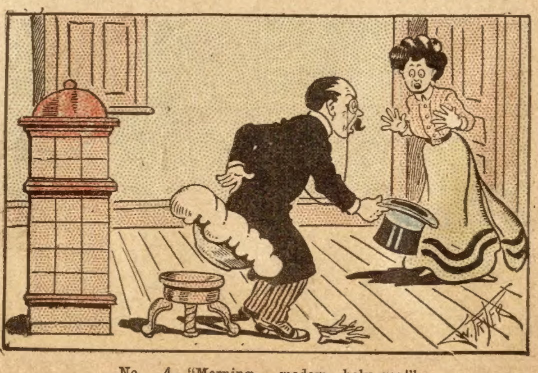
No. 1—Only dough, bread to be.



No. 2—"Madam in?" "Card, I'll see."



No. 3—Tired very, seated be.



No. 4—"Morning, madam—holy gee!"

JOLLITY

COFFEE COMPLEXION

Many Ladies Have Poor Complexions From Coffee.

"Coffee caused dark colored blotches on my face and body. I had been drinking it for a long while and these blotches gradually appeared, until finally they became permanent and were about as dark as coffee itself.

"I formerly had as fine a complexion as one could ask for.

"When I became convinced that coffee was the cause of my trouble, I changed and took to using Postum Food Coffee, and as I made it well, according to directions, I liked it very much, and have since that time used it in place of coffee.

"I am thankful to say I am not nervous any more, as I was when I was drinking coffee, and my complexion is now as fair and good as it was years ago. It is very plain that coffee caused the trouble."

Most bad complexions are caused by some disturbance of the stomach and coffee is the greatest disturber of digestion known. Almost any woman can have a fair complexion if she will leave off coffee and use Postum Food Coffee and nutritious, healthy food in proper quantity. Postum furnishes certain elements from the natural grains from the field that Nature uses to rebuild the nervous system and when that is in good condition, one can depend upon a good complexion as well as a good healthy body. "There's a Reason." Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

The Royal Road.

Struggling Author—Why, De Poesy, how prosperous you look! Was your last book of poems a success?

De Poesy—No-o, can't say that it was.

Struggling Actor—Published a popular novel, perhaps?

De Poesy—No.

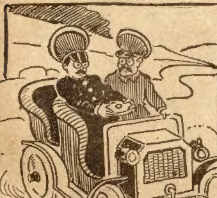
Struggling Author—Ah, then you have written a play. I have always held that play-writing, while not the highest form of art, was nevertheless——

De Poesy—I have written no play.

Struggling Author—You haven't? Where did these fine clothes come from? How did you pay for that handsome turnout?

De Poesy—I have abandoned literature and am peddling clams.

A Dark Deed.



Jay—We came clean from Pittsburg last night.

Hay—The deuce you did, no one ever came clean from Pittsburg.

The Boy Was Too Strong.

"My son tells me you have discharged him," said the office-boy's mother. "It's very strange; you advertised for a strong boy and that's what he is."

"He's too strong, madam," replied the employer; "in the single day he was here he broke all the rules of this office and some of the furniture."

Good Judges of Character.

Passenger (alighting from cab)—What's the charge?

Cabman—One dollar.

Passenger—Well, that's reasonable. I knew by your face that you wouldn't try to be extortionate.

Cabman—Thankee. I knew by your face that you'd be too mean to pay more than the legal fare without a law suit.

Merely a Suggestion.

His mother-in-law had been with them for three long weeks.

"Tomorrow," said his wife, "will be mamma's birthday. I wish I could think of something appropriate to give her."

"Why not give her a ticket back home?" suggested the husband.

His Way.

Mother—Why, Karl, what are you screaming so for?

Karl—O, I fell down in the wood and hurt myself so.

Mother—But did you come crying like that all through town?

Karl—No—I began—on the steps.

Different Now.

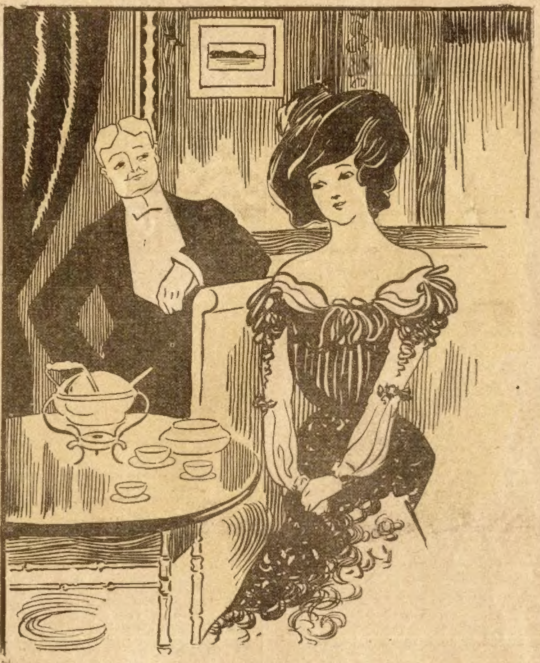
The Parson—It must be some consolation to know that you made your late husband happy.

Young Widow—Oh, yes. Poor George was in Heaven till he died.

Calling Names.

Redd—I see monkeys are remarkably keen of sight but deficient in the sense of smell.

Greene—That's the reason we see so many of 'em in automobiles, I suppose?



Mr. Stone—There is one thing I will say you make quite as well as your mother used to make it.

Mrs. Stone—What's that?

Mr. Stone—Trouble.

Got the Wires Crossed.

Servant (to caller)—No, ma'am, Mrs. Biggs is out, ma'am; but she left a message for you.

Caller—Indeed. What was it?

Servant—She said to tell you that—er—that— Oh, I've forgotten what she said, ma'am. Wait a minute and I'll run upstairs and ask her.

How He Was Relieved.

Whyte—So you went to that specialist for your rheumatism. Did he give you relief?

Browne—He relieved me of ten dollars.

The Cost of It.

They were celebrating their engagement by dining at a swell cafe.

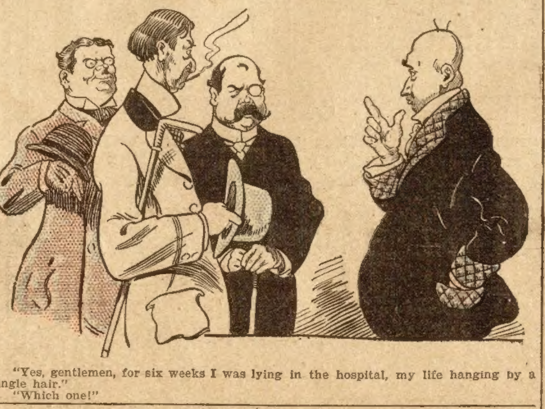
"Do you believe," she queried, as the conversation lagged, "that man is really made of dust?"

"Well," he rejoined, glancing at the dinner check, "he wouldn't be able to travel far in your company if he wasn't."

A Generous Brother.

"Tommy, did you give your brother the best part of the apple, as I told you to?"

Tommy—Yes; I gave him the seeds. He can plant 'em and have a whole orchard.



"Yes, gentlemen, for six weeks I was lying in the hospital, my life hanging by a single hair."

"Which one!"

Admires the Job.

"Prinkly is a self-made man, isn't he?"

"Yes, and he is always giving himself testimonials as to the excellence of the workmanship."

Not Yet, but Soon.

Nan—Has Harry proposed yet?

Fan—Partly. He brought up the subject of divorce when he called the other evening.

Nothing Doing.

"I have a little book here that I think will interest you," said the agent, as he sat down on the farmhouse porch to rest. "It is entitled 'How to Be Your Own Lawyer.' "

"Reckon I don't want no sich fool book ez that," replied the old farmer. "They ain't no sense in a man larnin' how t' rob hisself, by grass!"

AGENTS WANTED

Nearly all the readers of THE LEDGER will find these advertisements of interest to them. There will be found among them some excellent chances of making money by selling goods to friends, neighbors and others. Those seeking such an opportunity either as a regular or temporary occupation, should write the advertisers whose offers follow.

Rider Agents Wanted in each town to ride and exhibit sample 1906 model. *Write for Special Offer.* Finest Guaranteed 1906 Models $10 to $27 with Coaster-Brakes and Puncture-Proof tires. 1904 & 1905 Models all of best makes $7 to $12 500 Second-Hand Wheels All Makes and Models, good as new $3 to $8 Great Factory Clearing Sale. We Ship on Approval *without a cent deposit,* pay the freight and allow TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Tires, coaster-brakes, sundries, etc. half usual prices. Do not buy till you get our catalogs. *Write at once.* MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept W53 Chicago

SALESMEN WANTED.

Men who possess selling ability can get the most for it by representing us for the sale of our popular policies of accident and health insurance. Experience not essential. Exclusive territory, and active co-operation given to hustlers. Excellent openings and liberal terms for agents, collectors and district managers. Address, at once, Dept 78, Continental Casualty Co., Chicago, Ill.

$8 Paid Per 100 for Distributing Samples of Washing fluid. Send 6c. stamp A. W. SCOTT, COHOES, N.Y.

$150. A MONTH PROFIT E. B. ROBERTS, BERKSHIRE CO., MASS. earns selling Electric Combs. YOU CAN EARN IT Dr. C. L. HULL, 1431 Penn Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

AGENTS, CREDIT, Perfumes, Flavors, etc. Big profits. Express Paid. Terms Free. HERBENE AGENCY Co., Box 282, Sta'n L, New York

AGENTS SELL NEEDLES. Every woman wants them. Sell 25 packages a day and make $5.00. Outfit 10 cents. GO TO WORK. HARPER CO., 304-87 Washington St., CHICAGO, ILL.

AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c, FRAMES 15c, sheet pictures 1c, stereoscopes 25c, views 1c. 30 days credit. Samples & Catalog Free. Consolidated Portrait Co., 290—30 W. Adams St., Chicago.

SELL TOBACCO AND CIGARS. Locally or traveling. Salary or commission Full time or side line. Steady work. Good pay. Promotion Address MOROTOCK TOBACCO WORKS, Box S 12, DANVILLE, VA.

"WONDER" STRAW HAT CLEANER Makes an old hat look like new. Easily and quickly applied. Postpaid, 10 cents package. Agents wanted. C. M. BAILEY & CO., Dept. N, Dorchester Center, Mass.

We Make Men's Stylish Clothes to Order.

Send for our samples of cloth. Agents wanted in every town to sell made-to-measure suits at $12.50 to $30.00.

PEERLESS TAILORING COMPANY, 151 Fifth Ave., CHICAGO, Ill.

WE WANT AGENTS in every town to take orders for Custom-made Suits and Overcoats from $11.00 up, and Trousers from $3.50 up. Big commissions paid and large Sample Outfit in traveling case furnished free to those who can do business. You can make big money working for us. Write at once for Sample Outfit. The Warrington W. & W. Mills, Dept. 50, 173 Adams St., Chicago.

AGENTS learn to fit glasses by sending for our Free Book on the eye; it will tell you all about it. A business that pays you from $75.00 to $150.00 per month without fail; the optical profession will do it for you. No field so pleasant, profitable or so little worked. No longer necessary to work for some one else at a meager salary. Every agent should have this VALUABLE BOOK. It costs you nothing and tells all about fitting glasses and where to get the best supplies at wholesale prices. Address JACKSONIAN OPTICAL COLLEGE, Dept. F, JACKSON, MICHIGAN

MAKE MONEY EASY Agents wanted in every county to sell the popular Novelty Knives with name, address, photo, lodge emblem etc., on handle. Send stamp for catalogue. AGENTS EARN $75 to $300 A MONTH. (We show you how.) Big profits—quick sales—exclusive territory. Write quick for our liberal money making special offer to agents. Our new self-sharpening scissors are the quickest sellers for lady agents. NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 23 BAR STREET., CANTON, O.

BIG MAIL FREE! Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agent's Directory List for several years and refer to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agents' Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST, INDIANA, Indiana County, PENNA.

When answering advertisements you will favor the advertiser and the publishers by mentioning The Chicago Ledger.

TWO FACES UNDER ONE HAT.

By H. E. SCOTT.

Author of "The Pretty Typewriters," "The Girl from Nacoupin," etc.

[Copyright by the Author.]

Begun in No. 21, May 25. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FACE TO FACE.

"Philip Baily? Hold, gentlemen!" cried Merrill, trembling in every limb. "Philip Baily? Did you say Philip Baily?"

"Yes, yes!" cried the wretch, in a choking voice. "I did not lie! They are the liars, and in proof, you will find my name on the inner case of my watch. I am from Chicago."

John Merrill reeled and nearly fell: "Your watch!" he cried. "Where? Where? Quick!"

"In the watch pocket of my pants," was the reply. "If they will turn me loose I will prove it to you. Oh, save me, save me! I am Philip Baily!"

John Merrill had already seized him with a force that caused him to cry out, and started the red blood flowing afresh from his shoulder.

The next instant he had withdrawn from its resting-place a large gold watch.

All eyes were upon him, as with trembling fingers he forced open the back case.

"Saved! Saved!" he cried, as he sank on his knees beside the panting wretch. "My God, I thank Thee! The name engraved on the watch case is that of Philip Baily of Chicago, Illinois."

"Whatever it is," exclaimed Jo Wells, "you will not save him! Away with him, men. The wretch has lived too long. Remember Charley Wells!"

Again the rope tightened.

"Hold! Hold!" cried Merrill, leaping to his feet, grasping the taut rope, and setting firm his feet. "In God's name hold! If you hang this man, you must murder me! I have a prior claim on his life. He shall hang, but not now, not now! This man on the fourteenth day of last September, near the town of Coulton, in southern Wisconsin, murdered my friend and benefactor, Philip Baily. For this crime I am a fugitive, for it was laid at my door.

"I was arrested, and as the evidence would have condemned me, made my escape. A reward for my apprehension is now hanging over my head—I have had this watch in my hands many times. This man is not Philip Baily but his murderer!

"Oh, gentlemen, in God's name listen to me! Remember I am an exile for this man's crime. My friend and partner yesterday morning left for Golden Gulch to purchase supplies; he will return and verify all I say."

"Then this is not his first murder. Drag him to the cottonwood, boys, and we will hear the tale. If, as he says, he has prior claim on this man's life—can prove it, and stands in danger of the halter from a crime committed by him—we must give him a chance to clear his name. But the murderer of Charley Wells don't go from my sight until the last breath has left his carcass. Die he shall!"

Five minutes later, with all the miners seated at the base of the cottonwood and Philip Baily's murderer lying before him with the noose yet encircling his neck, John Merrill told the tale that led to Mark Perry's being a fugitive.

It was curious to watch the workings of the features of the murderer, as he proceeded.

"I am gaining nothing but time," he thought, "at the hand of this man. Well, time is everything. There is always a chance to escape for a man as ain't crippled. If it wan't for this broken leg—well, they will have to try me if they get me back to Coulton. They will not hang a man with a broken leg. This feller broke jail—I may do the same. It won't be the first time. At least, I won't die now."

"Yes, your claim seems to be a good one, young man," said Mr. Wells, as John Merrill concluded. "You are suffering for this hound's crime. The hand of Providence is in it. But I can't see how this vampire found out that Baily was to be there with the money, if he committed the crime."

"He may have ascertained the fact in Chicago, and accompanied him out on the train," said Merrill.

"Well, if he is guilty of that crime," said Wells, "he must go back to Coulton. If not, he must be hung here and now. What say you, men?"

"I can settle this matter," muttered the guilty wretch. "I was lying in a manger, dozin' off a drunk where this man Marsh had his team tied. I heard this chap say as how Baily was coming on the five o'clock with ten thousand dollars cash to take up mortgages. I laid for him, and though he came in on an earlier train, I knew him.

"I follered him out, and when near the creek I did the job. I didn't go to kill him, but he seized my coat after I had knocked him down and secured his money and watch; I gave him the dirk. I heard some one coming and I dashed away through the brush, leaving my dirk behind. I was in Chicago the next day. A button from my old army coat was missing. I suppose it come off in Baily's hand.

"I lost most of the money in the faro dens on Clark street, but I hung on to the watch, and when I come out West took the name of Philip Baily. Now you know all about it, but if you don't keep me from bleeding to death and set this leg, you will never get me to Coulton alive. I'm gettin' faint."

"Brute! Fiend!" cried Merrill, "and I must minister to you!"

"It should be a pleasure to you, under the circumstances," he said with a leer.

"You can never know how great a one," observed Merrill, arising to his feet.

He entered the shanty and brought out bandages and a bottle of brandy.

The hurt in the shoulder proved to be but trifling, and the blood was soon stanched and the wound bound up securely. Splints were prepared and the leg, which was broken below the knee, was carefully set by these rough miners who were thirsting for his blood.

While they were yet talking the matter over, Arthur with three mules arrived. He was struck with alarm at seeing the group beneath the cottonwood. He feared they were outlaws, but a glad cry from the lips of John Merrill reassured him.

He had his arms around his neck by the time he had dismounted.

"What in Heaven, John Merrill?"

"John Merrill no longer, dear Arthur! I am again Mark Perry. There lies the murderer of Philip Baily! He it is for whose crime I have suffered. These friends trailed him to our camp for a second murder. We will bear back to Coulton the assassin of my old friend."

"God bless you, Mark! It was a fortunate day for us that we located in Dead Man's Gulch."

Mark introduced his partner, and an hour later the miners, with the exception of Jo Wells, returned to their camp.

"We will carry him in the shanty," said Mark, "and I will get supper. What is your name?" he added, as he stooped to raise the man's shoulders.

"If any one asks you, tell them you don't know," was the reply of the wretch, who now saw a longer lease of life than he had expected an hour previous.

There was little sleep for the watchers that night, nor was there much for the assassin of Philip Baily.

The following morning Jo Wells returned to Timmon's Gulch to gaze for the last time on the features of his murdered brother, returning, however, at nightfall, mounted.

In his absence our friends had bagged their output and arranged their packs. And with their prisoner strapped on one of the mules the following morning, the party filed out of the gulch en route for Denver.

Jo Wells rode directly in the rear of the murderer, with a cocked revolver in his hand. "I am only sorry he has not two lives to render up," he said; "but Mark's rescue from peril is a great satisfaction—and when he hangs I can think that he dies for Charley's murder, as well as Baily's."

"Damn the difference!" leered the wretch. "But I ain't hung yet."

CHAPTER XXV.

AN INTERRUPTED CEREMONY.

When Kate Ellis retired to her room, on the night of the 14th of September, it was not to sleep. It was to bemoan the fact that on the morrow she would become the wife of Caleb Marsh.

"A few hours more," she exclaimed, as she placed her head on the pillow, "and I shall have paid off the mortgages that hang over my father's farm. Oh, my poor old father, this sacrifice I make that your heart may not yet be fully crushed by the loss of Elwood! But Arthur, my father, will never return to claim the old place at your hands. Surely, my brother is long since dead, and when you are called away Elwood will fall to the wife of Caleb Marsh.

"Mr. Marsh must know that I wonder if he believes what he says, when he tells father from day to day that he will live to welcome his son home and see him master of Elwood. Why should he say so else? Perhaps he fears that if father believed my brother dead he would not care so much to preserve Elwood. No, I must not be unjust, he but thinks to buoy him up with hope.

"Poor Mark, how I loved you! Just one year ago that murder was committed. It might have been at this very hour that you escaped from jail. Why—why, did you fly? My heart yet cries out that you were not guilty of that fiendish murder. But I shall never gaze upon your features again. I shall ever bear your image in my heart. Even as the wife of Caleb Marsh, my kindest thought of him will be that he would have expended his money in your defense, and that he had faith in you until you fled.

"Mr. Marsh knows that I do not love him, yet gladly will he lead me to the altar. He has done so much for father. Yes, and for me. Why, my bridal outfit will be the envy of half the girls in Coulton. Oh, how gladly would I transfer both it and the love of Mr. Marsh to some one of them. Ah, no, that course would not release Elwood. That course would plunge my father into despair.

"I must try, God help me, to love my husband after all he has done for us. Love him? Love Caleb Marsh? Impossible! Oh, as the hour approaches I grow more and more unhappy. Standing at the altar I shall feel as though I were standing by my open grave. Horrible! Horrible! I must not, will not, feel so!"

She threw open a closet door and removed from within her wedding gown and finery, which she laid upon the bed.

"What should be my joy causes me to tremble with terror. This is all wrong! I know Mr. Marsh worships me. I must make him a loving wife! Oh, God! Easier said than done. I shuddered with repulsion when he kissed my lips tonight for the first time. There, let me place these things back; there is time enough tomorrow. It will soon be over."

She restored the articles to the closet, and sobbing, threw herself upon the bed again.

At ten o'clock on the morning of the 15th, two carriages were driven in at the double gate at Elwood and halted before the house.

Yes, that is Caleb Marsh that descends from one, but surely when the bridal party reaches Coulton few will recognize him. A satisfied smile is on his features, a fashionable broadcloth suit rests illy on his ungainly figure, and a beaver hat sits well back on the crown of his head. His hands are encased in gloves—yes, kid gloves, and as he assists his sister from the carriage, he remarks:

"Now, have no long drawn out conversation, Sarah. You know the ceremony is set for eleven o'clock. You must hurry up the bride, and I will see that Abner loses no time. You look crushing!"

"Why, Caleb!"

Sarah Marsh had in fact been determined that on the occasion of her brother's marriage no one in the little church at Coulton should have occasion to say that she was not doing full honor to the occasion, and never before had she been so extravagantly arrayed.

"All ready, Abner?" exclaimed Caleb a moment later, when with his sister he entered the parlor where the farmer was seated. "I see you are, and you look twenty years younger, but a little nervous perhaps. I don't wonder, for I feel shaky."

"Caleb, God bless us! I am a happy man. You will take Coulton by storm, you and your bride. Dressed up in broadcloth you look another man. I'm proud of you, sir, proud of you! You look like a millionaire."

"I expect to be worth a million before twelve o'clock tonight," thought Caleb.

"Sarah," continued Abner, "I declare, dressed up you make a distinguished looking woman! This party will create a sensation sure. Go right up to my daughter's room; they are dressing her now."

Sarah Mrash, who was not used to compliments from other than her brother, gave the farmer one of her most fetching smiles, and hastened up the stairway.

"If only Arthur was here this day," said Abner, "I should have nothing more to ask."

"When he does come," said Caleb, "you can transfer him a farm with a clear title. The mortgages are in my pocket with the releases duly signed. As soon as the words are spoken that make Kate my wife, I will hand them to you. Ah, I hear them coming already!"

Sarah, with Kate and her maid, entered the room.

"My sweet bride!" exclaimed Caleb, "you look as charming as a May morning!" and he seized one of her hands and pressed it to his lips.

"Keep your hands off, Caleb!" cried his sister. "Brides can't be touched. You will disarrange something. Oh, she looks beautiful! Of course she is nervous and scared, and her face is pale; but by the time we reach Coulton there will be color there."

"I—I am glad you are pleased with my appearance, Mr. Marsh," said Kate, trembling beneath his admiring gaze.

"Pleased? I am more than pleased! I am delighted!" was the reply. "Well, let us be off. In less than an hour we must stand before the parson."

"The—the—Miss Thorn," said Kate, turning to her maid, a neighbor's daughter, "I think I left my handkerchief on the bureau."

Miss Thorn hurriedly left the room.

"Excuse me, Mr. Marsh," said Kate, "but the mortgages?"

"Oh, yes," observed Caleb, flushing slightly, "I was just telling your father about them. Here they are," and he withdrew them from his pocket. "You can see, my sweet Kate, that on each a release is signed. When the words are spoken that make you my wife, I will transfer them to your father. Not as my gift alone, for half of my possessions will have become yours when I promise to endow you with all my worldly goods."

BOYS MAKE MONEY
DURING VACATION, SELLING THE
BLADE AND LEDGER

WE WANT AGENTS EVERYWHERE to sell these two great papers. 25,000 boys are making money every week selling them, but we want *MORE*—we want agents in every town and city. No city is too large—no town is too small—for a BLADE and LEDGER Agency.
WE PAY THE LARGEST COMMISSION to agents. You can make more money in less time selling our papers than any other way. They sell at sight.
YOU PAY NOTHING until your papers are sold. We send Agent's Outfit free. You sell the papers on Friday and Saturday, and you do not pay for unsold copies.
SEND IN YOUR APPLICATION TODAY. Don't wait until some other fellow gets the job—write to us at once. A postal card will do.

WRITE TO W. D. BOYCE CO., BOYCE BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILL.

Five minutes later Caleb and his sister were whirled away in one carriage, while Abner, his daughter and Miss Thorn followed in the other.

The presence of Miss Thorn in the carriage probably served to keep Kate from giving way to her unhappy emotions during the drive to town; but her eyes were dimmed with tears during the greater portion of the time.

"It is but natural, my child, that tears should dim your eyes on this occasion,' said her father, "but there are few brides that do not shed tears as the most important epoch in their lives approaches. They are not unhappy ones. I am sure you will be a happy wife, the wife of a man who will love you tenderly."

Kate hid her face in her gloved hands, and hardly could she help but cry aloud when the fatal spot was passed where Philip Baily had yielded up his life.

"Oh, if Mr. Horton had but rescued me from this fate!" she thought. "But why should I be unhappy?"

As the party was passing the little station, the express from Chicago came thundering down the track and halted at the depot.

"Would God relief might come from there!" thought Kate. "But no, it is too late, too late!"

At eleven o'clock they entered the vestibule of the church.

"This way, my daughter!"

Kate took her father's arm, and they proceeded down one isle of the church; Marsh and his sister were following in the one opposite them.

There was a hum of voices as they passed forward. It emanated from those who were seated in the pews of the little chapel. Many faces Kate would have recognized but for the perturbed state of her mind.

Well in front was seated Sheriff Root and his wife, while Dobbins, Marks and Cleaver were directly back of them.

Doctor Doan and his wife were seated on the opposite side of the aisle.

"This marriage is a sin in the sight of God," whispered the doctor to his wife. "You can see, even through her veil, how unhappy the poor girl looks. She becomes the wife of Marsh to save her father from penury. Look! Caleb Marsh's cold face is flushed with triumph. He has secured a young and handsome bride, and Elwood goes with her—I hear he will release the mortgages, but he knows he safely may."

"Hush! You may do the man injustice."

Side by side, Caleb and the trembling Kate are now standing before the altar.

From the open door of the church can be heard these words, as they fall from the divine's lips: "If any present can show just cause why this couple may not lawfully be joined together in wedlock, let them now speak or hereafter hold their peace."

There is a moment's silence, after which the minister's voice is heard again

"Caleb Marsh, wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy bonds of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor and keep her in sickness and in health; and forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?"

The words, "I will," came clearly and firmly from the lips of Caleb Marsh.

"Kate Ellis, wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou obey him and serve him, love, honor and keep him in sickness and in health, and forsaking all others, keep thee only unto him, so long as ye both shall live?"

"Hold! Hold! I forbid this union!" and from a group who were entering the church an athletic-appearing young man, seemingly greatly agitated, strode hastily down the aisle.

The beard that had covered his face when he left Dead Man's Gulch behind had been removed, and notwithstanding his bronzed appearance he was recognized by all.

"Mark Perry, the murderer of Philip Baily!" exclaimed several voices.

"Mark! Mark!" cried Kate as she fell fainting into his arms.

"Very strange!" observed the startled clergyman. "Very!"

Abner Ellis was for a moment paralyzed where he stood.

Caleb Marsh was the picture of consternation, but a new light soon gleamed from his eyes.

"Sheriff Root," he exclaimed, "your prisoner has returned! Do your duty!"

The sheriff strode forward, followed by Dobbins and Cleaver.

"Unhand my sweet bride!" cried Caleb. "Off with your murderous hands! This is most unfortunate, but let the ceremony proceed. A moment more, Abner, and Elwood would have been free again. Rouse yourself, man."

"Yes, yes! Elwood! Elwood! Take him away! A murderer's hands defile my daughter! Proceed with the ceremony!"

"Yes, yes!" groaned Sarah Marsh, wringing her hands. "Quick! Quick!"

"You are my prisoner again, Mark Perry!" said the sheriff, as he laid one hand heavily on the young man's shoulder. "And this time you will not escape the gallows!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE CEREMONY CONCLUDED.

By this time the party Mark had left at the door was drawing near the altar. There were exclamations of astonishment on all sides.

First came a portly, elderly man, who even in this time of excitement had removed his hat on entering the chapel, and his white hair was glistening with beads of perspiration.

Behind him walked a man of large and powerful frame, clad in the garb of the miners of the West. A revolver rested in the pocket of his belt, and his eyes were fixed on the figures before the altar.

In each hand he held the framework of a stretcher, on which reclined a pale and groaning form with hollow eyes and sunken cheeks.

The other end of the stretcher was borne by a young man of near Mark Perry's age.

"Let him rest here for a moment, Mr. Wells."

The stretcher was lowered to the carpeted floor of the aisle.

"Turn this way if you would apprehend the murderer of Philip Baily, Sheriff Root!" cried Arthur, as he strode forward. "But you need make no haste. He cannot escape. An avenger for another crime stands over him. Father! Kate! Caleb Marsh!"

"My son! My son! This is past belief! But I knew you would come. Oh, my boy, my boy! A moment more and Elwood would have been free again! It is not too late now! Why delay longer?"

"Never mind about Elwood, father," said the young man as he tore himself from the farmer's arms.

"Arthur! Arthur!"

"Yes, dear sister! Your brother is home again. But little did he think to find you in bridal robes. Why, the young man who holds you in his arms would have rejoiced less that he could clear his name had he foreseen that you would prove untrue to him."

"Untrue! Untrue! I have never loved any one but Mark my brother. It was to save Elwood to my father that I would have become his bride. Mr. Marsh has known it all the while."

Did he not extend the mortgages?" asked Mr. Horton. "He promised to ere I left Coulton."

"For one year, yes," replied Kate; "that year expired today, and unless I became his wife he would have foreclosed tomorrow. But—but he has been very good to us. I do not know what would have become of us but for him."

"He has been a son to me!" said the farmer. "A son, and the ceremony thus interrupted—"

"Shall never be concluded," said Kate, through her tears. "Here is the man I love, and innocent, as I have ever maintained. Oh, I am rescued, even at the altar!"

"Why," observed Mr. Horton, "I wrote you twice before I left for Europe, from whence I returned but two days ago, stating that if Marsh demanded his money I stood ready to take up the mortgages. I never believed Mark guilty."

"Bless you, Mr. Horton!" cried Kate. "But we never received your letters. Mr. Marsh has procured our mail from the office for us since the murder."

"I wrote to Marsh, also," said Horton, "and in his reply he assured me that he had extended the mortgages and should let them run indefinitely."

Caleb's knees were knocking together, and his usually sallow face had assumed a very chalk-like appearance.

"Bless you, so I did, Horton!" he said. "So I did! Ask Abner. But that didn't prevent me trying to win Kate for a wife. And the mortgages I hold on Elwood would have been our present to her father. But Arthur! Arthur, home and alive!"

"You always said, Marsh, that he would return some day and take the old place from my hands."

"Ah! Why, yes, of course I did. I knew he had grit and sand and would turn up in time. As for any letters to Kate, I—I never received them, not one of them."

"I remember having delivered them to you," remarked the postmaster, stepping forward. "All the mail coming to Abner and his daughter at that time I had orders to inspect."

Caleb's face crimsoned: "I—I think you must be mistaken, Mr. Coombs. I have a memorandum of all mail that came in the Ellis name in those days, and it will show me right."

"Then—then I must have either lost them or forgotten to deliver them," declared Caleb.

"How could you, Mr. Marsh?" asked Kate, turning her eyes on his features. "How could you, when you knew how I was hoping for a line from Mr. Horton each day. My heart was nearly broken when he left Coulton without a word with me after——"

"Surely I sent you a note by Mr. Marsh, explaining all, and asking you to write to me."

"He never gave it to me," said Kate, and her lips curled with scorn, as she darted a look at Caleb.

"I lost it," he said, "and I knew it would grieve her so that I just told her you were able to catch an earlier train than we had expected. I did state that you regretted not being able to see her again. Now if this ceremony is to be concluded, why lose more time?"

"You have lost your bride, Mr. Marsh," observed Arthur. "A blind man could see that!"

"How do you know that man lying there is Baily's murderer?" asked the sheriff.

"Yes," said Caleb quickly, "how do you know? He won't say so, and there were no witnesses. Dobbins' testimony alone will convict Mark Perry. I told him—er—a why did he escape?'"

"Caleb Marsh," cried Mark, "I see through you at last! You adopted the course you did to get rid of me, that you might force Kate to become your wife. You feared that if I remained in jail the search kept up for an accomplice might lead to the murderer's apprehension. Your pleas to me to accept your files, effect my escape and fly, were made in your own interest, but, thank God, they redounded to mine.

"That miserable wretch had on his person Philip Baily's watch. He lay sleeping off a drunk in the manger to which your horse was tied, when he overheard me inform you that Mr. Baily would arrive here with ten thousand dollars in cash with which to take up your mortgages. He followed him from Coulton and murdered him for the money. I rescued the miserable man from death at the hands of friends of another man he had murdered, only to let him meet it here.

"Ask him. He will tell you the tale; but his life is fast flickering away. Unless he is soon executed he will not die on the gallows. For the past three days we have kept him alive by the use of stimulants. Caleb Marsh, you are——"

"A man with two faces under one hat!" exclaimed the doctor. "I always said it, and Miss Kate will tell you that I had faith in you, Mark"

"God bless you, doctor!"

"You say Marsh gave you those files and urged you to escape?" asked the sheriff. "Marsh, my bondsman?"

"Certainly I do, sheriff. He will not deny it. Ask him!"

"It's all over, Sarah, Caleb said in a low tone to his sister. "All is over if that wretch is guilty."

"Oh, I am guilty, guilty, guilty! I killed Baily for his money," faintly came from the white lips of the murderer.

"Well, neighbor," said Caleb, "everything has gone wrong. I have lost my bride. I can't lose my money. Today is the 15th. It's due."

"Your money is ready for you," replied Arthur. "Thank God, we arrived no later. Mark and I have a bank account of one hundred thousand dollars to draw on, and a gold mine in Dead Man's Gulch, Colorado, that will make us all millionaires."

"Let us leave here, Sarah. We are all miserable critters; that's what we are; but don't forget, any of you, that I saved Mark Perry's life. Only for following my advice and using the files I furnished him, he would have died on the gallows, sure. At least, most probably. He'd clearly never have joined Arthur in Colorado—never located in Dead Man's Gulch, and never have been able to clear his name. I admit that I thought if he was out of the way I could win Kate"

"Win her?" exclaimed Mark. "You mean secure both her and Elwood."

"Sure he does," said the doctor.

"Well, anyway, he has been good to us," observed Abner. "Why, he has given us several hundred dollars in cash and paid lots of our bills."

"He shall be paid every dollar, with interest," said Mark, "but I sent Kate three hundred dollars from the jail by him the night I made my escape."

"Miserable wretch!" muttered Kate. "From what am I saved?"

"That is hard, Miss Kate," said Caleb, "when I made it possible for Mark to establish his innocence. You can afford to forgive me. It was all for love of you."

"It is a crime to aid in the escape of a criminal," stated the doctor.

"Well, I'm clear of that, anyway," Caleb said. "Mark is not a criminal. He has returned, and now I see you are all sneering at me, I guess Sarah and I will go. Why, Sarah, you look like a ghost! I'm sure all I have done has turned out for the best. I'm the only loser—I lose my bride."

"And Elwood," observed Arthur.

"That's all you know about it, Arthur. Didn't I tell you that Elwood would have been released? Didn't your father tell you? The releases are already signed. It wasn't Elwood! And now I don't mind doing you another good turn, to show that though I am robbed of my bride, I bear no malice; though it's doubtful if you'll thank me for it.

"Arthur and Kate between them are worth half a million dollars, or soon will be. Eli Perrin's will is in the hands of Sloan & Martin, a law firm of Chicago. He himself is in the insane asylum at Elgin—every dollar goes to the children of Abner and Lucy Ellis. Now you can afford to let bygones be bygones."

"God be praised!" ejaculated Farmer Ellis. "Eli Perrin has done my children justice at last! I forgive you, Caleb!"

"We all do," said Mark. "I have reason, I think, to remember you with feelings of gratitude."

"I know what we'd do with you if we had you out in Timmon's Gulch," observed Jo Wells, "we'd make you dance on empty air! I've heard about slick scoundrels before now, but you take the cake, old double-face"

"Well," remarked the clergyman, "this has been an unusual scene and discussion for a house of prayer, and now as there is to be no marriage ceremony performed, it but remains for me to congratulate——"

"Wait!" exclaimed Mr. Horton. "The delay in Chicago enabled Mark to run up to my office and bring me along, and I am averse to returning until I have seen Mark and Kate made happy. We are all here, and there is no better time than the present."

"True!" said Abner. "True! The boy has proved worthy of her!"

"Kate, dear!"

"As you say, dear Mark!"

In ten minutes they were husband and wife.

Tears dimmed even the eyes of the murderer, as the words were spoken that united them.

"Thank God," he gasped, "that I wan't hung in the mountains. I am ready to answer for my crimes now—all the law can. Can't you forgive me, Jo Wells? I shall cheat the gallows, but can't you forgive me?"

"Don't ask me," said Jo. "Call on your Maker."

"He suffered internal injury in that fall," stated the doctor. "The only wonder is that he has lived thus long. He will never come to trial.

"Dobbins, you and Cleaver take him to the jail," said the sheriff.

"I will accompany them," the doctor said, "and examine him more thoroughly."

"Save him for the gallows if you can, doctor," said Wells, as the two men raised the stretcher. "He murdered my brother."

A groan burst from the breast of the murderer.

Twenty minutes later the church was empty.

"You see what the stake was, Sarah?" Caleb said, as he drove his team homeward. "I was playing a game for a million. I have lost it. I should have trusted to Mark Perry's being hung"

"Will they pay off your mortgages, Caleb?"

"Yes, but we will sell out and move West. I will always be known here now by the title the doctor gave me. Damn him!"

"It is terrible, Caleb, when you worked so hard!"

"Yes, it's tough, but there's no use crying over spilt milk. Go on, boys!"

Jo Wells accompanied the bride and groom to Elwood, nor did he leave the county until he had seen the murderer of his brother laid in his grave. The poor wretch expired in the county jail ten days after having entered it, and his death was a great relief to Sheriff Root who had feared that he might do a bungling job.

"You couldn't, sheriff!" Wells had exclaimed. "I'd have taken it off your hands with pleasure. I have helped string up a dozen in my time."

Mark and Arthur visited Elgin, where they found Eli Perrin, old, infirm and demented. They brought him home to Elwood, where his mind improved, and he lived until the next fall. He died reconciled to Abner, and with his grandchildren's hands clasped in his. His vast estate was duly transmitted to Arthur and Kate.

Marsh and his sister, three months after Kate's marriage, removed to Kansas, where they presumably yet reside

Elwood is again a model farm, and Abner Ellis bids fair to live many years. His daughter often tells him that he grows younger every day.

"I expect to live, at least, to see the future mistress of Elwood," he said on one occasion.

"May she never know what it is to be placed in the power of such a wretch as Caleb Marsh!" sighed Kate.

"Indirectly, we owe much to Marsh," said Arthur. "But for him, Mark might have died on the gallows. I might even yet be a penniless prospector in the mines. We should not have learned of grandfather's will, or where he was. Father would have lost Elwood. But [illegible]—"

"I should have become the wife of that unprincipled wretch!" broke in Kate. "I gave a sigh of relief when I ascertained that he had left the county. That God may protect all other unfortunates from the clutches of such characters is my earnest wish."

"And mine, sweet Kate! It seems unaccountable that I should owe my happiness to the wretch, after all," said her husband.

"Let him rest," observed the farmer. "I once forbade Mark's name spoken in the house. I was wrong! I now forbid the name of Caleb Marsh uttered on Elwood farm from this time forward, and I am right, for it could only bring up unpleasant recollections"

"Right, father!" echoed a chorus of voices. "Farewell forever to Caleb Marsh, alias 'Two Faces Under One Hat!' "

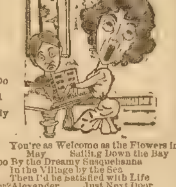
(The end.)

* * *

And only a short time ago Schmitz was down at Washington telling the President what to do about the Japanese!

200 Popular Songs and Music Sent Free

Not Because Your Hair is Curly
Everybody Works but Father
Waltz Me Around Again, Willie
My Irish Molly O
He's Me Pal
Nothin' from Nothin' Leaves You
My Name is Morgan but it Ain't J. P.
Mary's a Grand Old Name
Bright Eyes Good Bye
Can't You See I'm Lonely
Dreaming Love of You
In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree
I'm Trying So Hard to Forget You
Won't You Fondle Me?
Give My Regards to Broadway
Come Take a Trip in My Airship
Ev'ry Little Bit Helps
He's Me Pal
Easy Street
Good-by, Little Girl, Good-by
Bedelia
Laughing Water
In the Good Old Summertime
In the Valley of Kentucky
I've Been Faithful to You
On a Moonlight Winter's Night
Under the Bamboo Tree
Dat's de Way to Spell Chicken
I Can't Tell Why I Love you but I Do
Back, Back, Back to Baltimore
Where the Coons Have a Dreamland
For Sale—a Baby
Any Rags?
Away Down East Among the Shady Maple Trees
Anona
Go'Way Back and Sit Down
The Holy City
Navajo
Rip Van Winkle was a Lucky Man
Sing Me a Song of the South
Just Because She Made dem Goo Goo Eyes
Just You and I
I Ain't Seen No Messenger Boy
Hannah, Won't You Open That Door?
On a Sunday Afternoon
When the Frost is on the Pumpkin
In the Hills of Old Carolina
What you Goin' to Do When de Rent Comes 'Round
Nobody
Keep a Little Cozy Corner in your Heart for Me
Cheyenne
I'm Lonesome for You
Would You Care?
When the Mocking Birds are Singing in the Wildwood
Where the Whip-Poor-Will Sings Marguerite
So Long, Mary



You're as Welcome as the Flowers in May
Sailing Down the Bay
By the Dreamy Susquehanna
In the Village by the Sea
Then I'd be Satisfied with Life
Alexander
Just Next Door
Sailing Down the Bay
In Dear Old [illegible]
That's How I Love You Mame
Have you Seen My Henry Brown?
Farewell Sweetheart May
I May be Crazy but I Ain't No Fool
The Sweetest Girl in Dixie
Come Along, Little Girl, Come Along
Won't you be My Girlie?
I'll be Waiting in the Gloaming Sweet Genevieve
Like a Rose You're the Fairest Flower
The Poor Old Man
The Man with the Dough
The Man Behind
Blue Bell
Hello Central, Give Me Heaven
[illegible] for You
Down on the Farm
Coax Me
My Own United States
Bill Bailey Please Come Home
When Kate and I Were Comin' Thro' the Rye
Teasing
I'm Wearing My Heart Away for You
Good-by Dolly Gray
Coon, Coon, Coon
Hiawatha
Your Dad Gave His Life for His Country
[illegible]
I'll be There, Mary Dear
Up in the Cocoanut Tree
Meet Me in St. Louis, Louis
The Gondolier
The Game of Eyes
My Lonely Little Lonesome Maid
Where the Southern Roses Grow
I'm Longing for My Old Kentucky Home
Always in the Way
Where the Mocking Birds Were Singing
In the Sweet By and By
Under the Anheuser Bush
My Heart's To-night in Texas
When We Were Two Little Boys
Good-by My Lady Love
I Must Have Been a-Dreaming
I Could Love You in a Steam-heat Flat
'Taint No Disgrace to Run When You're Skeered

Our Free Offer: Send us TEN CENTS in stamps for a full trial subscription to the best young peoples' magazine published, THE JUNIOR AMERICAN, and we will send the entire collection of songs listed above, with 12 complete pieces of Music for Piano or Organ. This is the biggest music offer ever made. We guarantee you will be more than pleased. Address plainly

THE STAR CO., Dept. 10 417 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

BOY'S
AND
GIRL'S
CORNER

THE BALLOON BOYS;

Or, THE WIZARDS OF THE AIR. By COL. LAWRENCE LESLIE.

[Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 23, June 8. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN A MICHIGAN LUMBER TOWN.

From the manner in which Bob spoke, it was evident that he had quite made up his mind to accomplish a certain thing.

Pete showed his enthusiasm even without knowing what was really in the wind.

Perhaps he expected great things to happen before they quitted this Northern fair.

He saw his companion before dropping to a lower level, take the glass and with it look long and earnestly over their back course.

There was no need of asking questions as to why this concerned him.

"It see it," he said, finally.

"The other balloon?"

"Yes. They kept the professor longer than I thought would be the case. It gives us several hours start, at least."

Then they began to drop from their high altitude and as they drew near the fair grounds it amused them to see the great excitement their coming occasioned.

A fair is a great event in this region, and though the summer had not been as prosperous as the people could have wished, it was at least an average one, and farmers rejoiced in the Harvest Home.

Presently the hoarse sound of many voices could be heard.

The people, realizing that the unknown aeronauts intended dropping upon the fair grounds were enthusiastically welcoming their coming.

It was an unexpected sensation.

FITS CURED
When I say cured, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study and warrant my remedy to permanently cure the worst cases. Don't despair if others have failed. Send at once for treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Postoffice address.
PROF. W. H. PEEKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York.

Spanish Needles, Rods, Goldometers for locating Gold, Silver and hidden treasures. Our instruments are the best. Cat. 2 cents.
Miners Supply Co. Dept B, Palmyra, Pa

PATENTS SECURED or Fee Returned.
Free reports as to Patentability. Illustrated Guide Book, and List of Inventions Wanted, sent free.
EVANS, WILKENS & CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.

SONG POEMS WANTED, also Musical Compositions. We pay Royalty, Publish and Popularize. We Compose and Arrange melody FREE of charge.
GEO. JABERG MUSIC CO. 162 W. 7th St., Cincinnati, O.

MAKE MONEY BY RAISING POULTRY. Pleasant and Profitable Work. We will send "Poultry Lessons for the Amateur," postage prepaid, with each yearly subscription to COMMERCIAL POULTRY, at fifty cents a year. Send for free sample.
Box 33, Commercial Poultry Publishing Company, Marseilles, Ill.

MORPHINE FREE TRIAL TREATMENT
Opium and all drug habits. Painless, Permanent Home Cure. Nervous and physical systems fully restored to their normal condition. A full trial treatment alone often cures. Write us in confidence.
ST. PAUL ASSOCIATION, Suite 1201—48 Van Buren St., Chicago.

McGINTY WATCH
Greatest fun maker out. Looks like a regular watch. Plated hunting case with chain. When asked the time you can paralyze your friends by pressing the clasp and up jumps McGinty from the bottom of the sea right in their face. Everybody has to laugh.
Sample 10c, 3 for 25c, 12 for 75c, postage paid.
UNITED SPECIALTY CO., 94 Dearborn St., Dept. 92, Chicago

YOUR FORTUNE Told Free
by the world's greatest Astrologer. Send me your name and address, the date of your birth, your sex, and if married or single, and inclose a 2c stamp for postage and I will send you a Horoscope of your life from birth to death with a special forecast for 1907. I have made others happy and believe I can help you.
PROF. LEE, Dept. 9, NATICK, MASS.

MENDING TISSUE
The WONDER of the Age. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 10 cents; 3 packages, 25 cents.
Address Penn Publishing Co., Parnassus, Pa

When answering advertisements you will favor the advertiser and the publishers by mentioning The Chicago Ledger.

They had not counted on this when paying the admittance fee.

The cheers grew in volume.

Bob was watching closely, for it was his desire to make a good landing.

An aeronaut has the same pride in this that an amateur sailor shows, when rounding up at a dock or buoy.

His good judgment and entire lack of wind enabled him to drop into the open space of the campus, among the crowd.

A score of willing hands seized upon the trailing ropes, and when these were snubbed upon several posts the business was accomplished.

A dense crowd surrounded them.

Many questions were asked, but the young aeronauts replied in a joking way without commiting themselves.

To the officers of the fair, who greeted them in a warm manner, bidding the sky travelers welcome, they gave a brief outline of their trip.

Bob knew what it was to have friends, and he had had a practical illustration of this in the way the lumbermen retained the other balloon in order to give them a start of hours.

So he told enough of his story to suit the circumstances, and enlist the sympathies of the Wolverines.

From lip to lip flew the news that a second balloon was in pursuit of the first.

Eager eyes were strained to the south, but as yet they were unable to discover what had been so apparent to our voyagers when a mile or more above the earth, and aided by glasses.

Bob desired to take advantage of the precious time, every minute of which was valuable, since the coming of their foes might put a different face on matter.

He left Pete on guard, and the latter was very willing to take charge so long as Petite Barbara remained too.

In his eyes the child was a little queen, and she found a faithful subject in the young athlete who had delighted the patrons of the saw-dust ring by his feats of agility.

So while the people thronged about the great gas monster, Pete answered questions with considerable tact, and made friends by reason of his genial disposition.

Some boys have magnetic qualities in this line, and the ex-circus performer was one of them.

He began to cast anxious eyes in the direction of the southern sky.

Already people had discovered a black spot far away, which they immediately knew must be the second balloon.

Every minute the excitement increased.

The exhibits were forgotten, side shows neglected.

Here was a novelty, the like of which had never before been seen in this region, and they prepared to enjoy it to the full.

Where was Bob all this while?

He had brought his powers to bear—as a reader of human nature he was able to pick out a certain individual in the crowd who might be of some assistance to him.

The party whom he shrewdly selected was one of the officers of the fair, seeing that he wore a badge, and had a horsey look.

Bob entering into conversation with him made a pleasing discovery.

He had met an old friend, who some years before had been connected with the circus.

Having given up life in the tented ring, and raised a beard, it was little wonder he had failed to recognize Andy Sedge, but as soon as he gave his own name the other gripped his hand, revealing his identity.

A hurried mutual spell of confidence ensued. Andy's story was romantic, in that he had wedded a rich farmer's daughter, and was raising fancy cattle in this Michigan region, besides running a large lumber camp in winter.

He was enthusiastically with Bob in his plans, just as soon as he heard his story.

Here was luck.

With Aleck as a guide the young aeronaut felt his chances were considerably improved.

He could not regret the time spent in discussing the matter.

So he put questions, which Aleck answered in a direct way.

Bob's hopes arose.

It was not a shadow he was chasing then, but something of a sensible nature.

He saw that the afternoon was wearing away, and knew the time was short.

Besides, that rival balloon was all the while lessening the distance, and in due course of time he would have better rivals on the bround, unscrupulous foes ready to enter into even the most desperate game in order to down him.

They left the fair grounds.

The town was just such as may be found here and there in the pine woods of Michigan.

Many such are connected by railroads, while others lie upon the rivers.

Logging is the usual vocation of the people, although many own farms.

They are a warm-hearted, sympathetic class, and in times of distress, when a blizzard sweeps across the peninsula in winter leaving death in its track, or a terrible forest fire in the dry August, appeals for help from any stricken community, are sure of immediate response.

Into town plunged the two friends.

Andy could lead his comrade direct to the house where the Widow Muscroft lived.

There was something strange about her life, he declared, since few people ever saw her.

She lived with her brother, and seemed to be in confinement—indeed, it was generally understood in the neighborhood that she was not exactly right in her mind, and her brother helped to circulate this information, Andy declared.

"I saw her once, we met by accident at a narrow foot bridge. I waited for her to pass, and she thanked me so sweetly—I have never forgotten it."

Bob was very much excited when his friend said this.

"And you have seen her, the one I have reason to believe is my mother. Tell me what she looks like."

"I couldn't describe her. She was a sweet, lovely lady. Her face was marked by sadness but I can't believe she is any way crazy."

"Oh! I hope not, I pray not. If you could only realize how I feel, Andy. Tell me, you have seen this brother of the lady?"

"Squire Muscroft—often. He's a big man in this region. In fact I am engaged in business with him."

"Oh! perhaps your helping me would injure you financially," said Bob, quickly.

"Not at all. If I severed my business associations with the Squire tomorrow I'd do just as well. He has control of many larger enterprises in this section, and these compel him to spend a large portion of his time here, although he is only too glad to run back to Detroit where he lives in great style, they say."

"And he keeps his poor sister up here?"

"Always."

"Is he here now?"

"Yes, he came this morning, unexpectedly."

"Then it is not his custom to be in this town at the time of the fair."

"No. Winter and spring are his months. I wondered what brought him up in August."

"And I can give a good guess," said Bob, frowning.

CHAPTER XIV.

BEARDING THE LION IN HIS DEN.

Andy announced the fact that they were near the Muscroft place.

There are several acres of ground with a high fence all around. It has always been a source of more or less curiosity among the good people of the place, none of whom live that way. They have taken it for granted that the affliction of his sister's mind has a good deal to do with it."

"You saw her alone?"

"Her attendant was close behind. She never goes anywhere, even in the grounds without that woman hovering near."

Bob surveyed the blank fence with peculiar sensations, for on the other side of it he believed would be found a solution of the secret of his life.

No wonder he felt his heart thrill with the keenest anxiety.

Hope battled with fear, and rose bouyant above the uncertainty of the hour.

"How shall we get inside?" he asked.

"There is a gate, of course, but I imagine we would find it locked. What is to hinder such well trained athletes from climbing over here?"

"Nothing that I can see."

To determine was to act.

They found a place where the branches of a tree overhung the fence, and mounting this, it was a task of no magnitude to go over.

Once within the confines of the enclosure they found themselves among trees.

Andy assumed the lead, as he was supposed to have some knowledge of the place.

Thus they advanced in the direction of the house, glimpses of which they soon began to get through the trees.

It was an odd affair, with numerous porches, and seemed more adapted to a Southern clime than that of Michigan.

Still, such a house may be made very comfortable with means to accomplish it.

All the time the two intruders kept their eyes on the alert for any party.

A man was working in front of the house, and his looks proclaimed him a gardener.

If Squire Muscroft was at home, they had not as yet set eyes on him.

Instead of advancing boldly to the house, they passed along in the shelter of some tall bushes that gave them an opportunity to reach one of the side porches unseen.

Bob looked white in the face—his ears caught the sad notes of a violin some one played with deep feeling that could only spring from a heart overpowered by grief.

They entered a hall.

The music came from a side room, and toward this they turned, to discover the Squire's sister standing there—the musical instrument held in one hand, her gaze seeming to be fastened on some object outside, which however, she observed vacantly, her thoughts being far away.

At their entrance she started up and turned in amazement—strangers were a rarity here.

Bob was impulsive.

He had intended waiting while the other addressed the lady, but when his eyes fell upon her he could not restrain himself.

So they stood face to face, eager, excited—it was an hour of which they had dreamed.

The lady seemed to fear this was a phantasy of her mind, but Bob soon proved himself to be a creature of flesh and blood by springing forward with the cry of:

"My mother!"

They mingled their tears.

Explanations were indulged in, and yet how entirely unnecessary they were when heart spoke so eloquently to heart.

Long had she anticipated this meeting, and it was the only thing that had kept her alive.

The unscrupulous Squire, whose hand was back of it all, had given her to believe that she was childless, and hoped thus to crush her spirit.

When Bob told what suspicions he entertained with regard to Petite Barbara, her joy came near overpowering her, and the boy was compelled to beg her to be calm.

In the midst of their eager confidences, who should walk into the room but the Squire.

He was a portly, red-faced individual.

Bob hated him on sight, and would have done so on general principles even were other motives lacking.

He did not appear astonished, though there was a frown upon his face.

Bob saw the tyrant, and remembering what both his mother and himself had suffered from this scheming villain, it was with difficulty he refrained from launching himself forward.

It would have done him a world of good to lodge a few sledge hammer blows, such as he had learned from a pugilist who traveled with the circus, somewhere about his uncle's well fed frame.

"So, you are here, eh, you young rascal. I've been looking for you. Visited our fair by balloon, eh? It'll be some time before you go again. This entering a gentleman's private grounds is an offense that will cost you dear."

"James, it is useless to keep up this deception any longer. I know all. This is my son. You shall not part us again," said the lady with some show of determination.

He sneered as he replied:

"My poor Mary, you deceive yourself. This is only a clever young imposter who seeks to take advantage of your lonely heart, still yearning after your lost children. He has come to the wrong shop when he braves me. Luckily I had warning—I am prepared."

Bob knew then the bare-back rider must have telegraphed on to him as soon as he realized what the young aeronaut's plans were.

It was a strange situation.

He hardly new just how to act.

To defy the Squire was his first impulse, and yet such an act might be impolitic, since the man was powerful in this region where his money controlled so many enterprises.

It was a crisis he had hardly prepared for.

A bold stroke might cut the Gordon knot—at any rate it would cause his enemy to show his hand.

So he stepped forward, and with cutting emphasis told this newly discovered uncle just what he thought of him, and at the same time declared he meant to break up the other's evil plans even at the risk of his life.

Squire Muscroft only laughed at this tirade.

He seemd quite sure of his ground.

"We'll see about that," he said, and clapped his hands in the way Oriental pashas summon their slaves; when a tall man, with the manner of a constable stepped into the room and clasped Bob's arm.

CHAPTER XV.

A STRANGE OFFICER OF THE LAW.

"Take him away, Mr. Carter. I am responsible for the arrest. He has been caught on my grounds. Lock him up," said the Squire, with a lofty wave of the arm.

"I offer to go his bail, Squire," remarked Andy.

"What! you here, and on his side, Mr. Sedge. You must understand that after this, sir, all business between us is at an end."

"Just as you please, Squire—it makes no difference to me. I repeat what I said about bail. You as magistrate must name the amount."

"I refuse. This is no bailable case."

"Well, you will find out that you have no business to carry such a high hand. I'll go before another squire and swear out a warrant against you."

"Hang your impudence, Sedge."

"No more than your own, sir. This young fellow is an old friend of mine."

"Oh, I remember, you were a circus lad, too."

"That shows you know about his past."

The Squire looked confused.

"He is nothing to me but a trespasser."

"Oh! brother, give up this evil plan and let me take my children to my heart. The money I care nothing for, if they are restored to me."

"Poor Mary, still harping on that old story. I have neither time nor patience to argue it. Mr. Constable, do your duty."

"Will you come with me peaceably, or—"

"Oh! I'll go quietly enough, for it would be folly resisting a man of your size."

"Which shows you to be a smart lad. Squire, you're responsible for all this."

"Entirely, Mr. Carter. Take the young cub out of my sight at once. If you keep him safe in the lockup until tomorrow I'll cancel that little note I hold, which has given you so much worry."

"A thousand thanks, young fellow, come on with me and I'll make you comfortable."

Bob gave his mother one embrace.

"I will never give up until we are united, and this unnatural brother of yours meets his Waterloo. He may have the upper hand now, but Heaven will not permit him to persecute us much longer. I tell him plainly his hour is near at hand. Now, Mr. Officer, I am ready."

The young fellow's manner impressed Squire Muscroft deeply, and as the two moved away together he looked after them, an expression of surprise on his face.

Perhaps for the first time he began to feel that a new element had crossed his path that would yet encompass his defeat.

Andy stopped to tell the Squire what he thought of such action, and although the other blustered considerably, and uttered threats, the ex-circus rider snapped his fingers under his nose and walked away.

Meanwhile Bob and the marshal were on the way to the lockup.

As the Muscroft place was outside of town they would have ten minutes walk ahead.

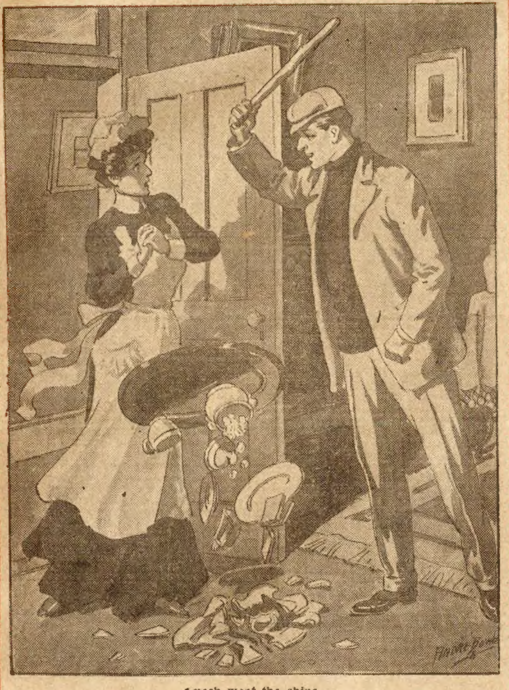
The officer looked around.

There was something on his mind, that was sure.

"He ain't coming along, is he?" demanded Mr. Carter.

"Oh! no. He places full dependence on you."

At this the officer chuckled.



Smash went the china.

"As a usual thing I'm marked dangerous, and few men ever escape after I've clapped a hand on 'em. Of course I'm no fool. If a prisoner should suddenly poke a revolver under my nose, I've too much respect for my life to fight. Ye see I keep my six-shooter stickin' out of this pocket. S'pose you suddenly snatched it out and covered me—I'd jest throw up my arms like this and sing out: 'Don't shoot—I surrender.'"

Bob saw light.

The kind-hearted marshal believed his story and was offering him a chance to escape, even at the risk of losing caste among his fellows.

It was a crisis, and the young fellow dared not let the opportunity pass him by.

Coollly he put out his hand.

His fingers clutched the butt and with a sweeping movement he drew it forth.

"Surrender, Mr. Carter."

Up went the marshal's hands again, and upon his face came a really ludicrous expression of terror.

"Hold on, boy, I loaded that thing myself."

"Glad to know it."

"It's done up to kill. In the hands of a reckless young feller like you, it might go off, and then that pesky Si Long'd be marshal."

"Then be reasonable, Mr. Carter."

"I'm the most reasonable man in Michigan. What d'ye want me to do?"

"I declare I hardly know."

"Reckon ye'll be splicing my hands together, and tying me up to a tree here, while ye run back and kidnap the lady. Well, as I said before, I know when to squeal in a tight corner. That's now, and I ain't goin' to lose the number of my mess for Squire Muscroft."

"How can I thank——"

"None of that, young man. Better not let me catch you napping. I give you fair warning."

"But he said he had a note of yours which he would destroy if you kept me safe."

"My lad, a thousand notes wouldn't pay me for carrying out any part of his devilish plot. That note will do him little good, for he can never find anything of mine to levy on, as I carry all I possess on my back. Now you've caught me unawares, and I'm your prisoner. Tie my hands, for I'm a desperate man, and I might do you harm. I suppose you'll search me and find the stout cord I carry in the left-hand pocket of my coat."

"To be sure I will," declared Bob, cheerfully accepting the situation in its singular entirety.

He quickly drew out a quantity of stout whip cord.

"Now we'll fix you, my good man. Hold out your hands."

Groaning, the marshal obeyed.

In a minute he was a prisoner.

Bob could have wrung the noble fellow's hand in extreme gratitude, but he saw that the other desired him to carry out to the end the clever scheme he himself had so adroitly instituted.

So he caused the marshal to back up against a tree, to which he bound him hand and foot with the remainder of the cord.

"Are you going to leave me here?" asked the marshal.

"That's my purpose. Will you swear to remain quiet until help comes, or shall I be compelled to put a gag in your mouth?" Bob demanded.

"I give you my word, young fellow. This is bad enough—don't humiliate me too much."

"Mr. Carter, I believe you. Excuse me for taking your revolver with me."

"No apologies. Promise me one thing."

"I do before you mention it."

"If you get the chance give that fat rascal of a Squire one good kick for me. I have said it. Go along young feller, and let me chaw the bitter end of reflection alone."

CHAPTER. XVI.

A YOUNG CYCLONE LET LOOSE.

Bob had been greatly tickled with the quaint methods adopted by this Wolverine marshal for doing his duty, and yet, at the same time assisting the young fellow whose cause his heart told him was just.

It gave him the chance he desired.

To lose sight of Squire Muscroft for any length of time at this stage of the game meant a more severe tangle.

The man had really reached a desperate point, since his plans, which had worked so smoothly all these years now threatened to collapse.

So Bob took the back track, heading for the house where he had so recently found a mother.

It struck him as odd that he could not as yet be certain of his own name.

True, they called the lady the Widow Muscroft, but at the same time she was the Squire's sister, and unless she had married a cousin of the same name this could not be.

These things gave Bob little uneasiness. In fact he had no time to worry.

Action was needed in order to carry the day, and Bob was by nature and training well calculated to meet the emergency, although he found himself pitted against an adversary as cruel and merciless as the Prince of Darkness himself.

Where was Andy?

Why had not the friend whose advice he found so valuable, and whose assistance already served to bring about a meeting with his mother—why had he not followed him when the marshal took him in charge?

Truth to tell, Andy had conceived an idea, and upon leaving the Muscroft house had started on a run for another section.

Squire Muscroft was not alone in his capacity as a legal man—another squire lived half a mile away, and between them a bitterness existed which, in times past had on many occasions been the cause of open warfare that was highly edifying to the people.

Perhaps Squire Archibald would see a chance to get even by admitting Bob to bail.

Bob had in all hardly been gone fifteen minutes when he again discovered the house through the trees.

A light gleamed in a window, though the shades of evening were just beginning to gather, and it would not be dark for more than an hour.

This time Bob was determined.

His whole nature had been aroused and he meant to deal with his rascally uncle regardless of any law in the matter.

That could come later.

The more publicity the case was given the better he would like it.

On his side there was nothing to hide, while Squire Muscroft would soon find himself at the mercy of a shrewd city lawyer, and tangled up in the net he had spread for others.

So Bob advanced.

How he regretted not being armed, having dropped the marshal's revolver in the bushes, and the rifle he had left with Pete, under the impression that the latter might see trouble from those who were coming in the rival balloon.

That was no reason he could not make a show. Though no Irish blood ran in his veins that he was aware of, Bob had learned during the circus life how to use the quarter staff, so much in vogue in olden times.

He had an eye about him, and discovering an elegant cudgel on the ground picked it up with a view to future use.

Should that same billet chance to descend upon the head of the Squire with any degree of violence, he must see stars.

Thus armed Bob found himself once more upon the porch of the strange house.

Eagerly he peered in through the window, hardly knowing what to expect.

His breath came faster than usual, nor was this wholly the result of his sharp run from the point where he had left the marshal tied to a tree.

Excitement had a good deal to do with it.

No one was in the room, and through the open window that reached the floor, he entered.

Could the Squire have carried his mother away in such a short time?

Perhaps she was simply shut in her room.

If still in the house Bob meant to find her.

He raced about looking here, there and everywhere, and his appearance was anything but reassuring.

Just as he was about to take hold of a door, it was kicked open from the other side.

A girl entered.

She carried a tray in her hands containing dishes which were possibly meant for an evening meal.

As her gaze suddenly fell upon the figure of Bob, with his wicked club, she gave a shriek.

Smash went the china.

It was a great day for the pottery business.

Regardless of the awful wreck at her feet, the alarmed girl dropped on her knees and with clasped hands besought the supposed robber to spare her life, as she was only a poor orphan.

Now Bob was not in that business, but he wisely saw it would be useless trying to argue the point with one whose mind was weak.

"It's the Squire I want. Lead me to him, girl," he said, trying to speak as quietly as possible, in order to reassure her.

(Continued on page fifteen.)

Comic Post Cards 1c Each

MORE FUN THAN A BARREL OF MONKEYS.

Got more than I expected. I am blowing myself. I know I'm going to like this place. Was detained on the road.

Comic Postal Cards are all the rage, and to introduce our family story paper filled to the brim with interesting stories, we will send it free for three months to all sending an order for these cards at **one cent** each. No order for less than 10 cents. Printed in many colors. Ready for mailing. Sure to please yourself and friends.

NO. NAME.
101 My clothes are getting on the bum.
102 It's terrible to be parted.
103 I'm flying high.
104 My wife misses me so much.
105 Will get through here shortly.
106 Am unavoidably detained.
107 It's all off now.
108 I found the tramp a long one.
109 There is a fine opening here for you.
110 It's up to you.
111 There was a concert at our house last night.
112 It was no use kicking.
113 Caught in the act.
114 My board is paid for.
115 I am taking my meals outside.
116 Will be with you as soon as I can get away
117 The sea has such a fascination for me.

NO. NAME.
118 It's all up now.
119 Was detained on the road.
120 Will be down shortly.
121 "Oh, there you are."
122 Got more than I expected.
123 I'm just taking my first drop.
124 Think I'm going to like this game.
125 I know I'm going to like the place.
126 I expect to be here some time.
127 The whole town turned out to meet me.
128 I am blowing myself.
129 I am in safe hands, don't worry.
130 I just stepped on a train.
131 It was hard to tear loose.
132 Just landed here.
133 She was very favorably impressed.
134 I am rapidly disposing of the goods.

NO. NAME.
135 Just to remind you.
136 I am nearly all in.
137 I'm leaving here.
138 A bird in the hand.
139 Will do well here if I don't lose my head.
140 10,000 miles from home and no black thread.
141 Out on a long foul.
142 Expect to hear from my wife shortly.
143 Not yet, but soon.
144 This is not my long suit.
145 Nothing like this in our family.
146 I'm a little bit short.
147 Just for a kid.
148 Weather bad—been soaked all week
149 Back in a minute, got to go now.
150 Will be there soon.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Order by number, not names. Remember, **one cent** each, **ten** for **ten cents, thirty** for **twenty-five cents,** or thirty-five cents for the whole set of fifty cards. Silver or stamps. Address

DIGNAM'S MAGAZINE, Department 4364 338 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ills.

CAMERA AND PHOTO OUTFIT

FREE FREE

With One Year's Subscription to

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

This is the King Camera. Any person can take excellent pictures with it by following the instructions. You can finish your own pictures with the complete outfit we send with the Camera.

The Printing and Developing Outfit consists of one package "Perfect" Dry Plates, one Tray for developing, one Tray for toning pictures, one package Developer, one package Toning Chemicals, one package Hypo, one Printing Back, one package Sensitized Printing Paper and one package Ruby Paper. Everything you need.

To Secure Camera and Outfit Free send $1.00 for one year's subscription to **The Chicago Ledger.** You get this fine paper every week for a year for the dollar, and you get the Camera and Outfit **absolutely free,** if you subscribe now.

(Canadian subscription price $1.50 per year.)

Send to

W. D. BOYCE CO., BOYCE BUILDING, CHICAGO.

Dollar Bottle ON FREE TRIAL
MAKES STRONG MEN
WRITE TODAY
Vitaline Tablets

Just send name and address, pay nothing; not a cent accepted until you are satisfied, until you can say with a glad heart that you have at last found the right medicine, then send us a dollar but, remember, you alone are to be the judge.

Dr. Rainey's formula of Vitaline Tablets act on the vital centers, the organs of life that create health and strength—the nerves, stomach, blood, heart, by which means they cure and overcome all symptoms of disease and the cause of Man-weakness, Nervous Debility, Nervousness, Weak Manhood, Stomach, Heart troubles. They are the fuel that purifies the system, that generates the vital heat, the nerve force which makes a man feel strong, vigorous and healthy, equal to the duties and pleasures of manhood.

Vitaline Tablets are guaranteed under U. S. Pure Food and Drugs Act, serial No. 3877, to contain absolutely nothing poisonous or injurious—nothing harmful in any way, and are pleasant to take. No damiana, no phosphorous, no strychnine, no injurious stimulants of any kind—nothing of the strong, sickening sort. You have never had anything like Vitaline Tablets, combining their wonderful healing and strengthening powers.

Dr. Rainey writes you and all mail is plain sealed. Fill out this coupon:

Dr. Rainey Medicine Co., No. 37 Dexter Bldg., Chicago;
Send at once by mail in plain package $1.00 bottle of Vitaline Tablets, without charge, absolutely free on trial, and if I get satisfactory benefits I will send you $1.00.

Name...

Address.......................................

Good Luck Emblem.

The SWASTIKA Pin is now all the rage everywhere. It has taken the country by storm and is worn by people in all large cities. If you want to be strictly "in it" and up-to-date you must wear one. The SWASTIKA is the oldest cross and symbol in the world. It is so shaped that it forms a combination of four "L's" which stand for LUCK—LIGHT—LOVE—LIFE. It's origin dates from 315 B. C.; our Indians use it as an ornament and amulet. It is claimed that the Ancients, as well as Mound Builders and Cliff Dwellers of Mexico, consider the SWASTIKA a talisman, a charm to drive away evil and bring good luck, long life and prosperity to the possessor. We were fortunate in securing 3,000 of these Pins and propose to give one FREE to each person who sends us only TEN CENTS for a trial subscription to our big magazine for young folks. Get one now while you can. Address

Junior American, 409 Dearborn St., Chicago.

"PERSONAL"

Any lady or gentleman wishing to correspond with the opposite sex for fun, pastime or improvement, should write at once to us. We have a large list of persons wishing to correspond. We introduce you by mail. Many pleasant acquaintances and warm friends are arranged through us. Everything strictly confidential. We refer to this paper. Address with stamp for reply and membership blanks, Lock Box 259,

Personal Correspondence Club, Chicago, Ill.

BEST

If your nerves are unstrung, or your blood impure; if your kidneys or bladder are strained; if dreams annoy you, or varicose veins make your life miserable; if you lack ambition and are weak anywhere that you should be strong; if you are losing your memory and getting old before your time, you need the BEST medicine on earth—the one that does NOT contain poison and does NOT excite or stimulate—the one that CURES easily, quickly and cheaply—the one that cured over 600,000 in eight years. Such is

Beck's Wonder-Worker Tablets

Sold at only $1. Send me 2-cent stamp for expose of false promise and C. O. D. medicine schemes, and sworn proof that my Wonder-Workers are the greatest vitalizing force on earth.

GEO. S. BECK, 144 Main St., Springfield, O.

MEN AND WOMEN

Trade Mark
BIG G
CURES in 1 to 5 days. Guaranteed not to stricture. Prevents Contagion.
THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A.
Price $1.00

CURE YOURSELF!

Big G is a nonpoisonous remedy for Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Spermatorrhœa, Whites, unnatural discharges, or any inflammation, irritation or ulceration of mucous membranes. Non-astringent.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS

or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for $1.00, or 3 bottles, $2.75. Circular sent on request.

BLOOD POISON

FOR MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS

we have made the cure of blood poison a specialty. Primary, Secondary or Tertiary Blood Poison Permanently Cured. You can be treated at home under same guaranty. Capital $500,000. We solicit the most obstinate cases. If you have exhausted the old methods of treatment, and still have aches and pains, Mucous Patches in Mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper-Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, write for proofs of cures. 100-page Book Free.

COOK REMEDY CO,
1730 MASONIC TEMPLE, Chicago, U. S. A.

Free Sample

COPY

of COMMERCIAL POULTRY, a journal devoted to the culture of poultry. Issued monthly. Every number contains valuable information for poultrymen. Its articles are prepared by men who have made a success of raising poultry. They tell the reader, in these articles, how to produce the best results with the smallest expenditure. Don't take our word for this. Send for a sample copy and see for yourself.

Write to

COMMERCIAL POULTRY CO.
Dept. 23, Marseilles, Ill.

When answering advertisements you will favor the advertiser and the publishers by mentioning The Chicago Ledger.

DOOMED TO BE A BACHELOR.

I'm doomed to be a bachelor
Thro' all my lonely days
All ways I've tried to win a lass—
Alas, I've failed always.

To Mabel in a hammock once
Quite tenderly I spoke
Until the spell was broken, when
The hammock gearing broke.

And once, when darling Winifred
Was nearly won, alack!
I meant to fall upon my knees,
But fell upon a tack.

And Elinor I nearly kissed,
But I'd forgotten quite
My lit cigar, and after that
At her house could not light.

And boating once with Genevieve
I slipped my arm about
Her waist—but then we both fell in
And then, of course, fell out.

So I must be a bachelor
Thro' all my lonely days;
All ways I've tried to win a lass—
Alas, I've failed always.

The Young Wife's Fatal Mistake.

"You may retire now, Justine," said Monsieur De Pardaillan to the woman bustling about the comtesse; "madam will remove her attire alone."

They had just come in from the ball, one of the merry assemblages of the great world becoming, at this epoch, rarer and rarer. The month of September, 1884, had seen Paris half-depopulated, citizens following the example of the strangers at the first bulletin of cholera.

All the same, the ball had been given, and they had danced, supped, and joked, not without spirit, in the Rue de Varennes, at the house of the Dawager Duchess De Pardaillan, the comte's grandmother, a lady of eighty years, who was accustomed to celebrate the anniversary of her birthday thus, and unwilling to put off this fete till the following year.

Madam would remove her toilet alone. No wonder that Justine, the pretty little waiting-maid of the young Comtesse De Pardaillan, bruskly dismissed by the comte, mounted to her chamber at three o'clock in the morning all bewildered by a procedure so foreign to the habits of her employers.

Alone together, the husband and wife regarded each other—Octavie with that clear intuition that possesses all women in front of threatening danger; the comte, asking himself in what manner he was going to begin the conversation. It was the comtesse that boldly broke the silence.

"I am naturally much interested, my dear Henri," she said, "in what you have to say, and trust that you will not make me wait longer the word of the enigma——"

Monsier De Pardaillan interrupted her by drawing from his pocket a letter, which he presented to her open.

It was an anonymous note.

The comtesse turned white as she ran her eyes over the lines that accused her of treason to the most loyal of men; but, regarding it a second time, it was rather a nasty insinuation than a formal denunciation, and, at all events, the name of the lover that they said she had was not given.

"Bah! an anonymous letter," cried she disdainfully, extending it to her husband. "When did you receive it?"

"Three days ago."

"Three days! And it is only this evening, on returning from the ball, that you speak of it to your wife. Why?"

"Why, you say? Because the heart of man is so made that doubt conquers all other sentiments—doubt—that gnaws and kills! Because, in short, during these three past interminable days, I have descended to the vilest of all business—that of a spy! I have had you followed, Octavie, and I have followed you myself."

"And you have discovered—what?" the young wife demanded, turning suddenly upon her husband her great limpid eyes, which she had held till then obstinately lowered.

"Nothing," responded Monsieur De Pardillan; "but, nevertheless, this evening, at the ball we have just left, I did not find myself cured of the doubt that had beset me. Not a look, not a gesture of yours but what was engraved on my memory, from the two dances that you gave the young Duke De Fergus to the friendly nod from a distance that you addressed to our friend Robert Doutremont."

Even at this last name, pronounced in an eager, breathless voice, and which came like a blow in the face, the young comtesse was not moved from her impassibility. Monsieur De Pardillan continued:

"Returning in the carriage, I was still turning over in my brain—which seemed to be loaded with an enormous weight—the last events of the evening, when suddenly a light, almost imperceptible, rustling caught my ear. Darkness surrounded us, but the soul under such circumstances sees without eyes. Briefly, then, madam, to end an inquisition that dishonors both, we will read together the note that you found in your bouquet, and that you have concealed there in your robe."

And he was going to join gesture to word, and draw it from her, when Octavie stopped him.

"No," she said, "do not insult me like that, Henri. There would be neither days enough in your life, nor tears enough in your heart, to pay for it if you did that. This search that you are determined to make upon the person of your wife should be at least accorded her without violence. Behold it!"

And she plunged her little hand into the pocket of her ball-dress, hidden under loops of lace and ribbon, to withdraw it instantly with a little cry of pain—a pin, badly placed, had dug in the little pink palm a long, jagged scratch. Nothing serious, and to which she paid no more heed after the first involuntary flinch, as she successively drew from the receptacle a lace handkerchief, two keys hung on a gold ring, a tiny flask of smelling-salts, and a small sheet of paper folded in four and a little crumpled, which she handed to her husband with the same serenity as the other objects.

The comte seized it eagerly, believing it a love-letter. The sheet of paper was absolutely blank.

"And behold!" said the young woman sadly, "what has forever disturbed the peace of our household! An innocent scrap of paper that I had put into my boquet on going to your mother's house to make me remember to ask the address of the woman who darns her laces so marvelously!"

The Comte De Pardillan could only cry over and over again:

"Ah, my dear, dear wife! Shall you ever be able to forgive me?"

Octavie hesitated a moment. Pardon immediately accorded would have drawn from her husband an outburst of gratitude and joy that she wished above all to avoid.

"You ask me to pardon you, Henri? Like this, immediately after such an outrageous suspicion? Do you think it would be possible? No; leave me at least time to persuade myself that your jealousy admits of extenuating circumstances. Tomorrow, Henri, tomorrow; not today."

Her voice had lost the energy of a while ago, and her adieu had the gentleness of a prayer. Conquered, sorrowful, but with a ray of hope in his heart, Henri De Pardaillan left the chamber of his wife like a repentant and obedient child.

Octavie made but one leap to the door to turn the bolt. Alone; she was lone at last!

The danger that she had just escaped, the husband with the bitter jealousy, the world with its pitiless rigor—all was forgotten. Her heart, her soul, all the fibers of her body, were thrilling and singing the beloved name of her lover—Robert! Robert! Robert!

She ran to pick up that dear little crumpled paper that had fallen under the table, smoothed it out carefully, and then, kneeling before the fireplace, she exposed it for a moment to the heat of the flame. And then, oh, miracle of science! the sheet of white became little by little of a bluish color, and traced at the same time with luminous, almost phosphorescent, characters.

* * * * *

It was three months now since Octavie De Pardaillan had given her love to Robert Doutremont. The story of that love can be told in few words—a lightning stroke for both of them. From the first glances exchanged these two souls believed themselves made for each other in this world and in eternity.

Robert, for a young worldling, realized a type bordering upon the extraordinary. Rich, elegant, gifted with every manly quality, he had scarcely finished his medical studies when he had solicited and obtained the favor of taking part in a scientific mission, whose object was to travel through the East seeking the solution of that frightful problem, the source of the many deadly epidemics that decimate India. For several years the young man, sustained by an ardent love of science, had studied nature, and marked each of his days with some valuable discovery.

Returning to Paris already celebrated, Octavie De Pardillan (that beautiful woman made up of contraditions and charms) and he had met at a mutual friend's house, and, scarcely conscious of the enormity of the fall, the die for them was cast.

Even the rarity of their interviews but still more increased the violence of their passion. Octavie had at least the comfort of writing her lover long letters, in which she poured out all her soul; but he, prudent and jealous for the honor of the woman he loved, as well as his own self-respect, would leave nothing to chance—his letters might be intercepted, and he had recourse, for this reason, to a scientific process by which the letters that he wrote could be read by Octavie alone. She only knew the means of deciphering their language, the way to compel the magic paper to speak. But she must always, he had told her, always, without fail burn the note as soon as read. The ink in which his pen was steeped was a deadly poison, frightful in the rapidity of its work. One touch to her lips, or the orifice of a wound, and nothing could save her.

* * * * *

Octavie ferverishly tore open the page.

"I shall be free tomorrow, my beloved," wrote Robert Doutremont, "and I shall await you at the accustomed hour. What things I shall say to you! What kisses I shall press on your lips! Ah, my dearest, my dearest! to be loved thus by you! I often ask myself if I am not the victim of a dream!"

"The victim of a dream? Oh, no, not that, for love him I do, with all my heart and soul," murmured the young woman dreamily, her lids half-closed, a half-smile on her lips, the handsome, happy countenance of her lover, as she threw him that parting nod in the ballroom, rising anew like a vision before her eyes.

Just at this moment two little taps sounded softly on the door. She sprang to her feet, trembling violently. Who was it knocked thus at such an hour? Her husband—her husband, of course! She called aloud, hurriedly:

"I'm in bed; I've pushed to the bolt."

The door, nevertheless, opened. Henri De Pardaillan entered.

"The bolt," said he; "you thought you pushed it, doubtless—the door was open."

With a movement quick as thought Octavie had crumpled the accusing letter in her hand, convulsed by fright.

"What do you wish?" demanded she, reckless of the harshness of her words.

"I was uneasy——"

"Uneasy!"

"Yes, that scratch you gave yourself a while ago, through my fault, and that was bleeding still when I went out."

"That scratch? Yes, yes; I remember. A mere trifle; it is nearly well," said she coldly, and concealing her hand behind her. Then, in a voice become suddenly hoarse and nearly unintelligible, she added:

"Well, you can leave me now, since, as you see, it is nothing—nothing at all but——"

Madam De Pardaillan did not finish her sentence, but suddenly fell forward like a log on the carpet.

The comte sprang toward her.

"Octavie! Octavie!"

She lay inert, speechless, and pallid.

* * * * *

In less than a minute all the house was in commotion, running bewildered from side to side.

"A doctor! a doctor!" cried Monsieur De Pardaillan, mad with sorrow and fright.

No one, as is usually the case in such emergencies, seemed to know where to find a doctor in that immediate neighborhood till Monsieur De Pardaillan's valet bethought himself of Robert Doutremont.

And while Octavie's female attendants cut strings and laces, and placed their mistress in bed, the comte hurriedly paced the floor.

"Robert, Robert!" he cried; "why didn't I think of him sooner? He will cure her; he will dare what no other doctor will dare. He has traveled, studied, brought back precious remedies that he alone knows, and then—he is my friend; he will save her. Octavie——"

The door opened behind him, and Robert Doutremont stood on the sill, paler even than the husband himself, who rushed to meet him and dragged him to the bedside, where Octavie still lay rigid and pallid.

"All is over, monsieur, I fear," murmured compassionately, one of the women chafing the comtesse's hands; "the heart no longer beats."

All over? Octavie dead? Robert Doutremont refused to believe his senses.

"No, no," he cried. "Impossible! Quick, go, bring salts—ether—ammonia; a shock may revive her."

The comte and the waiting-women sprang to obey directions. Robert remained alone beside the great columned bed with its waving plumes, like a towering catafalque, dazed, asking himself dumbly if it were not all a hideous dream, from which he could presently arouse.

"Octavie," he murmured, bending close to the poor, stiff lips; "Octavie, speak to me! Tell me that you are not dead!"

And he seized her hand with the ardent faith of one who believes in the power of love to work miracles.

Suddenly he started, and bent still closer. That little hand that he held in his own—that hand clenched so tight that the nails were buried in the tender flesh—was clasped upon a strip of bluish paper.

He forced them open gently, and—his own letter lay before him, stained with two little crimson drops that had oozed, apparently, from a scratch in the rosy palm. It was a revelation to Robert, swift as the flash that precedes the thunderbolt. Octavie was dead of poison, and it was he who had killed her!

Henri De Pardaillan returned at that moment, bearing the pungent stimulants.

"It is useless—useless, Henri," Robert stammered. "All is over! She—she is dead!"

"Dead? Octavie dead? Oh, Heaven! Dead of what? Without warning—without a moment's illness?" said the comte despairingly.

Robert had an inspiration. The honor of the dead—it must remain unspotted. Above all else, he must cut short investigation, and prevent all prying into this cruel business.

"Yes," said he, without hesitation, and loud enough for all to hear him; "dead, Henri, of—cholera!"

And as the wretched husband sought to throw himself upon the bed beside his wife, Robert kindly but firmly held him back, reverently drew the sheet over the face of his dead love, and led him from the chamber.

"Courage—courage, my friend!" said he, "but your wife must be buried, and all that belonged to the comtesse burned. It is the physician who speaks now, Henri, or, rather, I should say, the physician who orders."

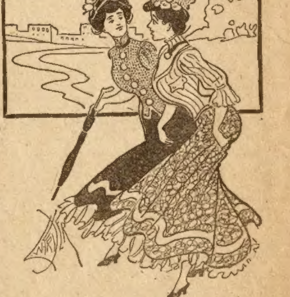
And all the papers next morning were filled with the following touching description of the sad event:

"The latest victim of the terrible scourge," as one of the journalists describes it, "passing away in a moment, like a withered flower, bearing still on her marble brow the triple aureole of youth, beauty, and flawless virtue!"

So runs the world away, and no one the wiser.

Every Lady Read This.

Years ago when I was a sufferer, an old nurse told me of a wonderful cure for Leucorrhœa, Displacements, Painful Periods, Uterine and Ovarian troubles. It cured me in one month. It is a simple, harmless lotion that can be prepared by any one having the recipe. I will send it free to every suffering sister who writes to me. Address Mrs. A. Hudnut South Bend, Indiana.



Gladys—I think the night Bob proposed he had me mesmerized and I had to do just as he wished me to do.

Grace—Oh! then you refused him, did you?

The Balloon Boys.

(Continued from page thirteen.)

"I can't—I don't know where he is," she replied, still wringing her hands in that ridiculous fashion.

"I have come for my mother, Mrs. Muscroft. Lead me to her room, and no harm will fall upon you. Do you hear—I am in a hurry."

"Oh! yes, sir. Please follow me. Your mother—poor dear lady, I'm glad some one has come at last."

The girl began to recover when she found she was not to be injured.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"For years she has been looking forward to some one coming. And you are her son?"

Bob did not make answer, as he was not in the humor for a conversation.

They had meanwhile ascended a flight of stairs, meeting no one on the way.

"This is the room," indicating a door.

"You mean the widow's?"

"Yes, sir," trembling again as she saw his eyes fastened upon her, for Bob when aroused was really a spectacle to appal a timid female, especially after she had received such a shock as followed her sudden meeting at the door, and the awful crash of broken china.

Bob looked down.

The key was in the lock, and this would indicate that possibly the lady was fastened in.

He knocked.

There came no answer.

Then he turned the knob of the door, and threw the latter wide open.

If he expected to see Mrs. Muscroft seated there he was doomed to disappointment.

The room was finely furnished, which was one thing at least in the Squire's favor,but occupant it had none.

Bob had entered in his eagerness.

Just then he heard the sound of wheels grating on the gravel outside.

Filled with a sudden idea that the Squire was taking his sister to some other retreat where it would be doubly difficult to find her, Bob sprang to one of the small windows, which were half covered with vines.

As he bent down to look out he heard the door slam, and the key turn in the lock.

The girl in her alarm had seized upon this chance to make him a prisoner.

This extremely interesting story of youthful adventures in ballooning will be continued in next week's Ledger. This story is filled with excitement and dangerous situations, and if you do not read it to the end you will miss a great deal that is splendidly entertaining. Would you like our fine King Cameras without cost, or six of our fine spring patterns entirely free? Then subscribe for the Ledger and they will be sent to you. Read our premium announcement on pages thirteen and fifteen.

MRS. WHOOPER'S AFFLICTION.

BY MAX ADELER.

Mr. Whooper came into Judge Perkins' office the other day, and, after drawing a chair close to the judge, he took a seat, put his hat on the table, wiped his nose thoughtfully, and said:

"I say, Judge, what do you charge a man for getting him a divorce?"

"A divorce, Mr. Whooper? You are not thinking of that, I hope?"

"Well, yes, I was," said Mr. Whooper, with a mournful air.

"Quarreled with your wife?"

"Not exactly—but—well, I reckon I might as well explain the matter to you. You see I love Pandora well enough. I think a good deal of her; but, blame it, Judge, I can't stand her rediculous ways!"

"How do you mean?"

"Why, you see, she's a somnambulist—has a habit of walking in her sleep. She'll get up at night, any time almost, and go fumbling around the house in the most reckless manner. When she gets tired she'll turn in anywhere, and roost until morning. I've found her twice sitting on top of the flour barrel, sleeping sweet as a baby; three times I've waked her up in the coal-bin, and once, when she had the nightmare, I found her hanging across the back fence—said she dreamed she was a pillow-case and that she'd been hung there after the wash to dry. I tell you, it tears a man's feelings up like thunder!"

"You ought to bear it with greater resignation."

"Well, I have tried to; but I can't. About a month ago, while she was meandering around in the dining-room, she kicked over a table and made a terrific noise. Nearly scared me to death. I thought there were burglars in the house, and so I blew my alarm-whistle out of the window, and fired my revolver twice down into the hallway. When the policemen came I let 'em in, and we began a search, with pistols in our hands. Upon entering the dining-room we found Mrs. Whooper sitting there, holding an umbrella on her left arm, as if it was a baby, while she was trying to feed it with the vinegar cruet. Fast asleep, of course! I'm ashamed to meet the neighbors on the street now; I can hear 'em snicker as I go past."

"No doubt Mrs. Whooper was sorry?"

"Oh, of course, sorry! Apologized, and all that! Said she'd never do it again. But only two nights later she had a vision or something which moved her to rise, pick up my vest and shirt from the chair, and go out and bury them in the asparagus bed. When she came back I was awake. She had the shovel over her shoulder, and I watched her seize my socks and false teeth and start downstairs with them. I jumped out of bed and caught her. I shook her until she woke, and then she tried to beg off by explaining that she dreamed she had discovered a way of raising vests and artificial teeth on trees, so that she could pick 'em for me when they were ripe. That woman has the insanest old dreams that ever rattled around in a female brain-pan."

"It is merely her misfortune."

"That's true! That's so! I pity her; but what's a man to do? You know the headboard on our bedstead? No? Well, it's about nine feet high. Last Thursday week I was waked in the night by a strange noise. I missed Pandora, but, looking around, I found her perched on top of the headboard, with an open umbrella in one hand and a bandbox in the other. She had on a nightdress and a sunbonnet, and when I asked her what on earth she was about she told me to 'give some oats to the off horse.' Then she kicked the headboard with her heels, uttered a wild cahoot, and the next minute she plunged head downward upon the bed, broke three slats, and brought her aunt downstairs from the third story, four steps at a jump, under the impression that there had been an earthquake. When she came to she said she'd been reading in the papers about the four-in-hand coaches, and somehow she got to dreaming she was driving one for a bet. Now, I tell you, it's pretty hard for a man to stand that kind of thing, isn't it?"

"Yes, of course."

"But I would have stood it if she hadn't carried it a little too far. She asked me a few days ago to let her tie a string to her ankle and to mine, so when she got up in her sleep she would wake me. I agreed. She said string, mind you, but when she came to do the tying she used the stoutest kind of twine! Anyhow, all went well until last night, when Pandora, while asleep, became impressed with the idea that she was crossing the Alps, or swimming the Atlantic Ocean, or something, for she rose and went over to the staircase. Just as she reached the top landing her foot must have caught in the carpet, for she shot down the stairs head foremost, like a stone out of a catapult; and, of course, as I was tied to her, I suddenly went booming out of bed, and the first thing I knew I was lying on the floor, feeling a little uncertain whether a volcano had all at once developed under the bed, or whether a barrel of gunpowder had exploded in the cellar. Then I felt Pandora pulling at the other end of the rope, and I comprehended the situation.

"When I picked her up she said she wasn't hurt much, and I've no doubt she'll spend tonight sliding up and down the waterspout on the outside of the house; only she'll have to go it alone. This lets her out. I'm going to get a divorce. How much will it cost?"

The judge promised to give him the information next day, but he didn't call, and the supposition is that he was persuaded to give Pandora one more chance. But there is going to be a painful domestic tragedy at Whooper's some day unless Mrs. W. learns to stick to her pillow.

Pat's Reasoning.

An Englishman and an Irishman were walking along a country road when they crept into a farmyard and stole a horse from the stable. Pat, thinking that the horse was no good without the cart, stole a cart from the same place. The news at once spread about that farmer Giles had had a horse and cart stolen, and the police were soon on their track. The policeman, meeting the Englishman with the horse, inquired of him where he got the horse, the Englishman replying that the animal belonged to him.

"How can you prove it?" asked the policeman.

"Because I have had it since it was a foal," was the answer.

Pat overheard the conversation. He was pulling the cart along when the policeman stopped him, asking him if the cart belonged to him.

"Sure," said Pat; "why, I have have this cart ever since it was a wheelbarrow."

FREE---6 STYLISH PATTERNS---FREE

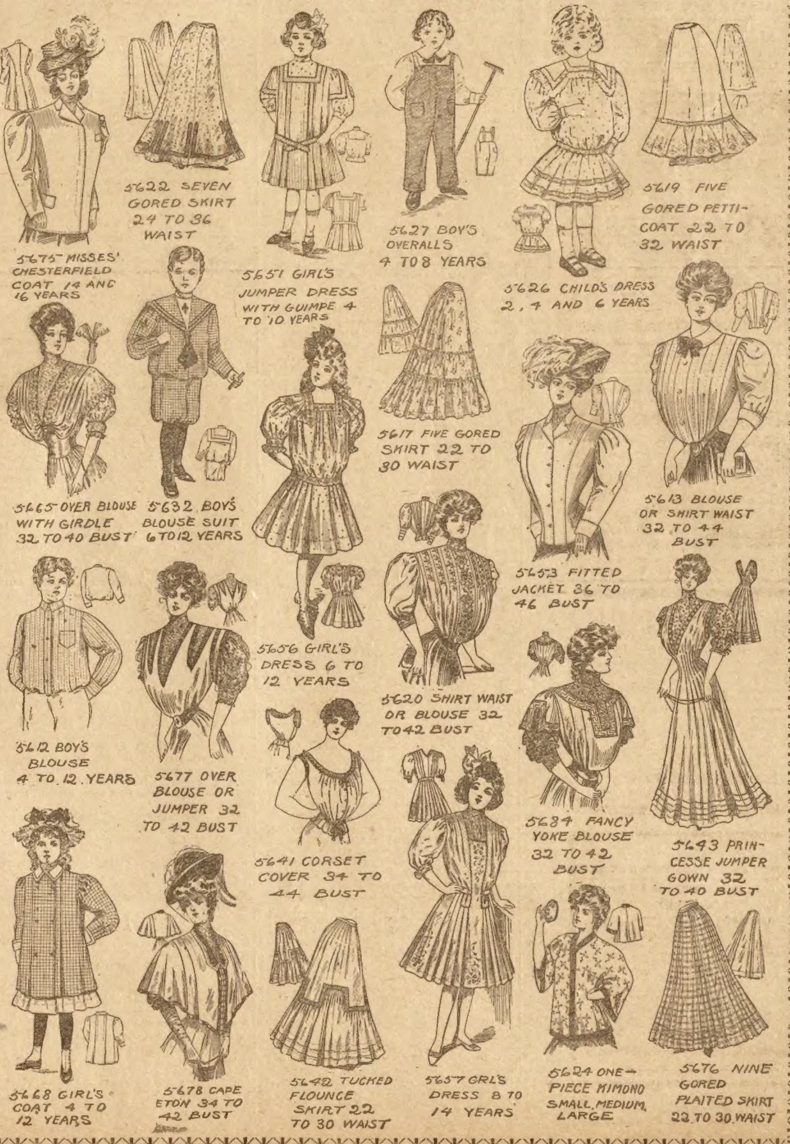
We will send any six of these fashionable, up-to-date patterns ABSOLUTELY FREE with one year's subscription to THE CHICAGO LEDGER. These patterns are from the latest Paris designs. They are best for the home dressmaker, being simple and economical.

One year's subscription to the LEDGER costs only one dollar. You get this fine family story paper every week for a year for the dollar, and you get six of these elegant patterns FREE, by subscribing now.

Select any six patterns—send the number and size of each, with one dollar to

Subscription for Canada $1.50 per year.

PATTERN DEPT., CHICAGO LEDGER, CHICAGO, ILL.


5622 SEVEN GORED SKIRT 24 TO 36 WAIST
5675 MISSES' CHESTERFIELD COAT 14 AND 16 YEARS
5651 GIRL'S JUMPER DRESS WITH GUIMPE 4 TO 10 YEARS
5627 BOY'S OVERALLS 4 TO 8 YEARS
5626 CHILD'S DRESS 2, 4 AND 6 YEARS
5619 FIVE GORED PETTICOAT 22 TO 32 WAIST
5665 OVER BLOUSE WITH GIRDLE 32 TO 40 BUST
5632 BOY'S BLOUSE SUIT 6 TO 12 YEARS
5617 FIVE GORED SKIRT 22 TO 30 WAIST
5613 BLOUSE OR SHIRT WAIST 32 TO 44 BUST
5653 FITTED JACKET 36 TO 46 BUST
5656 GIRL'S DRESS 6 TO 12 YEARS
5620 SHIRT WAIST OR BLOUSE 32 TO 42 BUST
5612 BOY'S BLOUSE 4 TO 12 YEARS
5677 OVER BLOUSE OR JUMPER 32 TO 42 BUST
5641 CORSET COVER 34 TO 44 BUST
5684 FANCY YOKE BLOUSE 32 TO 42 BUST
5643 PRINCESSE JUMPER GOWN 32 TO 40 BUST
5668 GIRL'S COAT 4 TO 12 YEARS
5678 CAPE ETON 34 TO 42 BUST
5642 TUCKED FLOUNCE SKIRT 22 TO 30 WAIST
5657 GRL'S DRESS 8 TO 14 YEARS
5624 ONE-PIECE KIMONO SMALL, MEDIUM, LARGE
5676 NINE GORED PLAITED SKIRT 22 TO 30 WAIST

MAGIC BASE BALL CURVER

Curve pitching is made easy by its use. The pitcher who uses it can throw LARGE CURVES and strike out the batsmen as fast as they come to bat. The batters cannot see it and they all wonder where those AWFUL curves come from. It fits either hand, and does not interfere with catching or throwing. Price, 25 cents.

SPECIAL OFFER:—Send 25 cents and we will send the "Magic" Curver, also a large 64-page book on "OUTDOOR SPORTS," containing playing rules for baseball, football, lawn tennis, cricket, etc. It gives illustrations showing how to hold the ball for pitching ALL the different curves. Chapters on batting, fielding, base running, etc. Don't wait, be first in your town to have one. Send a silver quarter to-day, and we will send you the Curver and book by return mail. STAR MFG. CO., 49 State St., Lowville, N. Y.

TAPE-WORM EXPELLED WITH HEAD, GUARANTEED, BOOKLET FREE. BYRON FIELD & CO., 182 STATE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

DETECTIVES Shrewd, reliable man wanted in every locality, to act under orders; no experience necessary. Write H. C. Webster, Indianapolis, Ind.

PATENTS. Send for Inventor's Primer. Milo B. Stevens & Co., Attys. 809 14th St., Washington, D.C. Established 1864. Branches: Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit

LADIES—Free introductory Sample of Beauty Cream and also copy of Beauty Book for only three red stamps to cover cost of mailing, etc. Address The Morrison Co., Station A, Elgin, Ill.

OPIUM or Morphine Habit cured. Free trial treatment. We specially desire cases where other remedies failed. Confidential. HARRIS INSTITUTE Room 589, No. 400 W. 23d St., NEW YORK

A SONG IS OFTENER SOLD FOR A **FORTUNE** than a "fortune is sold for a song." Send us your best song-poems and musical manuscript now and get our offer and our latest song hit FREE. COLONIAL MUSIC CO., 215-107 E. 63d St., Chicago

ASTHMA Send for free sample of our ASTHMA TAPERS. Harmless but effectual. Immediate relief guaranteed. Asthma Taper Co., 92 E. High St., Detroit, Mich.

VENTRILOQUISM

Learned by any Man or Boy at Home. Small cost. Send today 2-cent stamp for particulars and proof. O. A. SMITH, ROOM 408—2040 KNOXVILLE AVE., PEORIA, ILL.

X-RAY CATHODOSCOPE Latest pocket curiosity out. Everybody wants it. Tells time on watch through cloth; apparently see your fellow, best girl, or any object through clothing, wood or stone any distance; all climates; lasts lifetime; always ready for use. Price 36 cents, stamps or silver. Address THE B. EVOLIA CO., Phila. Pa.

Teddy Bear 14 inches high, with full instructions for playing the new TEDDY BEAR GAME; very exciting and amusing; will entertain a party all evening. Also 6 comical Teddy Bear POST CARDS, each one different and full of mischief. All sent free by mail if you send only Ten Cents for a full trial subscription to the JUNIOR AMERICAN, the best young folks' magazine published. Cash prizes offered each month. Don't miss this big offer. Address **Free**
THE JUNIOR AMERICAN,
411 Dearborn Street., Chicago, Ill.

CORNS CORNS

WHAT A RELIEF when they are gone, roots and all! A-CORN SALVE removes the worst corns permanently, safely and without pain. No cutting, no danger. 15 cts. at your druggist's or by mail. Address GIANT CHEMICAL CO., Philadelphia

MEN WANTED in every locality throughout the United States with rig or capable of handling horses, to advertise our goods, tacking up show cards in all conspicuous places, and distributing small advertising matter. Commission or salary $90 a month and expenses $3.00 a day. Steady employment to good reliable men. We lay out your work for you. No experience needed. Write for full particulars. EMPIRE MEDICINE COMPANY, London, Ontario, Canada

A GREAT BARGAIN

This Camera and outfit for only 25c. A little beauty; covered with imp. Morocco leather. Takes good pictures; ping pong size. Outfit contains plates, paper, cards, chemicals, etc., and complete instructions so any boy or girl may take good pictures. Sent by mail complete for only 25 cents (silver). Order now. Address CAM. D. FARGO, FRENCHTOWN, N. J.

EXCHANGE YOUR OLD RECORDS FOR NEW

We will give you new records, the latest and most popular productions, in exchange for those you are tired of hearing. Write at once for full particulars and Catalogue H. Address NATIONAL RECORD EXCHANGE, 185 Dearborn St., CHICAGO

WETO GRAPH

The Great Secret Writing System

FOR LOVERS AND OTHERS

Every lover and every one who writes letters should have a Weto Graph. It is a system of secret sign writing for correspondence, etc. If you have a Weto Graph you can preserve recipes, secret memorandum, addresses, or information you do not want anyone to find out. You can write to your friends on a postal and no one can find out what you have written. Lots of fun to have a Weto Graph. Don't miss it. Send 10 cents and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address PENN PUBLISHING CO., PARNASSUS, PA.

OUR PRICES ON **ELGIN, WALTHAM** and Dueber Hampden watches, warranted 20 years, are the lowest. Before you buy it will not cost you a cent to examine this great bargain, a genuine ELGIN, WALTHAM or DUEBER HAMPDEN gold filled watch $6.50. Send your name, post office and express office address, and we will send you C.O.D. for examination this beautiful engraved, double hunting case gold filled watch, warranted to wear and keep its color, stem wind and stem set, fitted with a genuine Elgin, Waltham, or Dueber Hampden movement, with the name on the dial, ruby jeweled, expansion balance, patent hair spring, Ladies or Gents size. These watches are well known as the best timekeepers in the world, everyone warranted. You examine it at your express office, if as represented pay express agent our special price $6.50 and express charges and it is yours. Mention which works you prefer and if you want Gents or Ladies size. Address M. C. FARBER D 26. 225 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

When answering advertisements you will favor the advertiser and the publishers by mentioning The Chicago Ledger

FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

ESTELLE'S ASTRONOMY.

Our little Estelle
  Was perplexed when she found
That this wonderful world
  That we live on is round.

How 'tis held in its place,
  In its orbit so true,
Was a puzzle to her,
  With no answer in view.

"It must be," said Estelle,
  "Like a ball in the air
That is hung by a string—
  but the string isn't there!"

Adaptable.

Small Robbie was laboring over a drawing which was obviously of great importance, says Lippincott's.

His mother, who was sewing in the room, got up to see what he was doing.

"What is it you're drawing, dear?" she said, as she stood behind him.

Robbie was embarrassed. Struggling to cover his nervousness, he answered with an air of great nonchalance:

"Oh, it's papa I'm drawing, but I don't care anything about it. Guess I'll put a tail to it and have it for a dog."

A Business Girl.

In Naples there is a girl 11 years old in the fruit business, and she is doing so well that she employes twelve men and boys. She began in her father's fruit stand at 6 years old.

She is now accounted one of the sharpest buyers in the trade, and it is predicted that by the time she is 15 she will be one of the richest. She cannot read or write, but has to sign her name by making an X. Several fruit dealers have been fined in court for trying to injure her business.

Harry—I made 5 cents, papa.

Brown—That's right, my boy. I like to see traits of industry in the young. How did you make it?

Harry—That boy next door bet me a nickel I couldn't take my new watch to pieces.

He Knew.

The pretty teacher was trying to explain the difference between good conduct and bad, relates the Youth's Companion. "Good actions," she explained, "are the lovely flowers. Bad ones are the weeds. Now, can any little boy or girl tell me the difference between flowers and weeds? What are weeds?"

"Weeds," said Walter, who had been struggling with the sorrel in his mother's garden, "are the plants that want to grow, and flowers are the ones that don't."

IN THE LOOKING-GLASS.

The child who lives in the looking-glass
Is always waiting to see me pass;
She never seems to run and play,
But watches there for me all day,
For every time I go and see,
I find her peeping round at me.
One day when I was cross and cried,
She stretched her mouth so very wide
I had to laugh—then she did, too;
She likes to do just what I do.

—Philadelphia Record.

Full of Wind.

One blustering day a teacher in a public school, in assigning topics for an exercise in English composition, suggested that the children of the primary class might give their impressions of the weather. At last she noticed that the composition of one little girl was completed in less than a minute. Its laconic but unconscious humor rather surprised the teacher. The little scholar had written:

"The world is full of wind."

Animals at Church Service.

Animals attend a church service in Peru. Pigs, goats, cattle and poultry are brought by their owners to be blessed on All Souls' Day, and the church is turned into a domestic menagerie.

The seats are removed, and the animals can trot about or lie down where they will. After the ceremony the livestock is formally handed over to the monks, who receive little other payment for their services.

Not After That.

Little Forest had just started to school. His father was accosted on his way home one evening by a neighbor, who said: "So your little boy is a great fighter at school?" On arriving home the father summoned the boy at once. "Forest, is it so that you fight with the boys at school?" "O, well, I fight everything up to the fourth grade!"

Bigger Than He Looked.

"Dear me, Tom, you eat a good deal for a little fellow!" remarked Uncle John to his nephew. "I s'pect I aren't so little inside as I looks outside," was Tom's ingenious explanation.

She Beat the Boys.

Last fall, in the city of Winchester, England, while a church steeple was being repaired, the boys of the place challenged each other to see who dared climb the highest on the scaffolding. When all had tried it, a girl 12 years old came forward and ascended thirty feet higher than the most daring of the boys.

In fact, she reached such a position of danger that the authorities sent her to jail for three days to teach her to stay nearer the ground in the future. Seeing her at such a perilous height, several women fainted and a man fell out of a window.

Spilling the Salt.

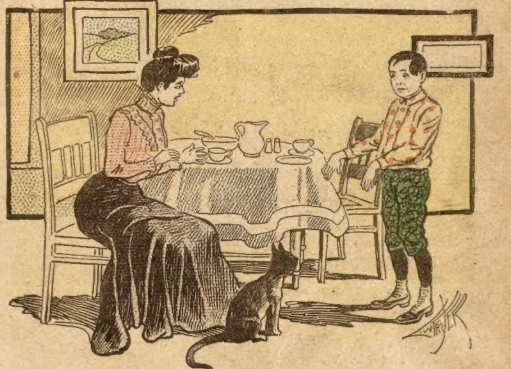
Every boy and girl has heard that it is "unlucky" to overturn or spill the salt at table. It is strange how old some of these superstitions are! That about the salt, for example, came to us from the ancient Romans. They used salt in sacrifice, as an emblem of purity, and considered it a bad omen to spill it after it was placed on the victim.

Conundrums.

Why cannot a butcher be an honest man? Because he steels his knives.

What is the difference between a soldier and a bomb shell? One goes to war and the other goes to pieces.

What letter is most useful to a deaf woman? A, because it makes "her" "hear."



"Frankie, dear, I don't think you have washed your face and hands as I told you to."

'No, ma; but I've dusted them very carefully."

Lonesome Tommy.

Tommy—Yes, sir, I know you said if you caught me playing with Jimmy Jinks you'd lick me.

His Father—Then, why were you playing with him?

Tommy—Well, I got lonesomer than I thought a lickin' would hurt, so I just went over and played with him.

The Baby's Name.

"What are you going to call your new brother, Jack?"

"Oh, I don't know—Jack, I guess!"

"But that's your name."

"That doesn't make any difference. It was papa's before I had it. Pa and ma have a way of making us boys use up their old things."

Set in Her Way.

Dot took her city cousin out to the hen house to get the eggs, but the speckled hen was on her nest, determined to set, and Dot did not dare to take her off.

"We can't get these eggs, Bert," she said, "for old Spreckle is awful setty and she is so cross I'm afraid of her."

Three Kinds.

Teacher (to Johnny)—How many kinds of force are there?

Johnny—Three, ma'am.

Teacher—Name them.

Johnny—Bodily force, mental force and the police force.

His View.

Willie—Say, mamma, ain't all dukes German?

Mamma—Why, of course not.

Willie—That's funny; they always call a duke's wife a duchess.

A Great Favorite.

The German ambassador, Speck von Sternburg, has won the hearts of the Roosevelt boys by teaching them horseback riding and jumping. The baron was a private in the Franco-German war.

A Barnyard Medley.

Three-year-old Perry was taking a bath.

"Is that a goose towel you are going to use, mother?"

"No, dear. Mother never heard of a goose towel."

"It must be a duck towel, then."

"No, it is a Turkish towel, Perry."

"Oh, yes. That's it—a turkey towel."

The Difficulty.

"What is the matter with your dog, Harold? Whenever he runs he falls head over heels."

"I know it—poor little thing! His hind legs can run faster than his front ones, and so he's always tripping himself up."

Sweet Charity.

Seventy-five pretty New York girls, ranging in age from 12 to 16 years and constituting the Young Ladies' society for the aid of convalescents of Beth Israel Hospital, have clubbed together and purchased an ambulance and team of fine horses.

An Aged Egg.

Mrs. Kidder—I wonder how Columbus made the egg stand on end?

Kidder—Easy. He shook it around until he had the chicken's feet in the big end of the egg, and then stood him on them.

Richest Girl.

The little Grand Duchess Olga, eldest daughter of the Emperor of Russia, is probably the richest girl in the world. When she was but a week old the sum of a million pounds sterling was presented to her and invested on her behalf.

The "Milliner's" Daughter.

Six-year-old Susie's father is the only millionaire in the small town in which they live, and the little lady is very proud of the fact, says the Chicago News. The other day while at play with one of her little neighbors she asked condescendingly:

"Don't you wish your papa was a milliner like mine?"

Sure Sign.

"I can tell at a glance," said the heavyweight thinker, "that the baby is going to grow up an economical man."

"Because he is biting his pink little toes?"

"Exactly. He's trying to make both ends meet."

He Was the Third.

"He's your first cousin?" said Mrs. Dimling to 6-year-old Freddy, alluding to a new baby of whom Freddy was very fond.

"Oh, no," replied Freddy; "I had two cousins before he was born."

Masqueraders.

Little Don, who lived in the city, went with his mother for a visit in the country where he saw some geese. He ran into the house, exclaiming:

"Oh, mamma, come here, I saw some chickens with false faces on."

A Sorry Swim.

Three little ducks went out to swim,
But when they came to the river's brim,
I'm sorry to say it began to rain,
And so they hurried back home again.

Twisted.

Teacher—What can you tell me about Florida, Tommy?

Small Tommy—It's a great summer resort in winter.

The Reason Why.

Pickles and candy and hot mince pie;
Jam and jelly and brick ice cream:
Show me a little boy in a bad dream,
And I will tell you the reason why!